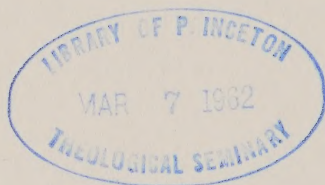


Drama at the Doctor's Gate

LOTTA CARSWELL HUME

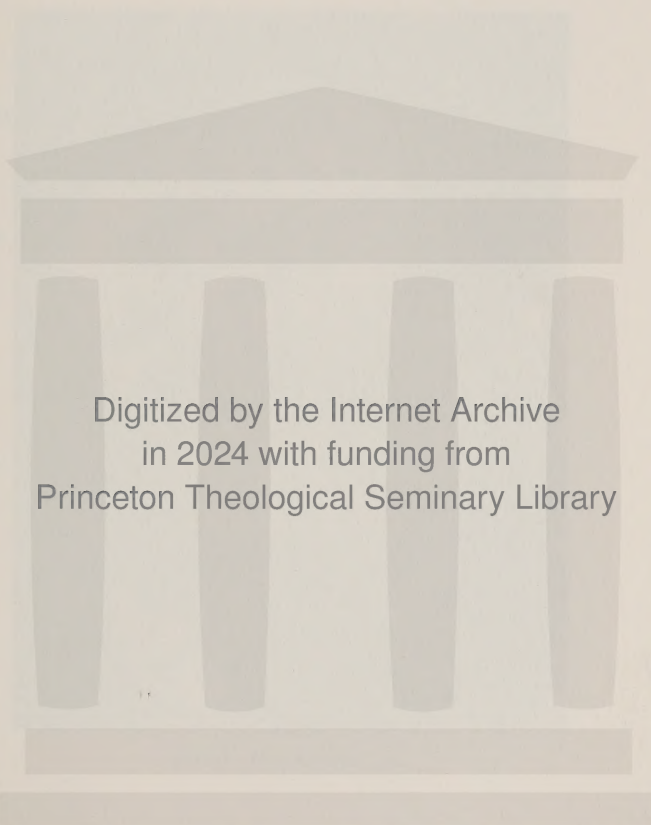
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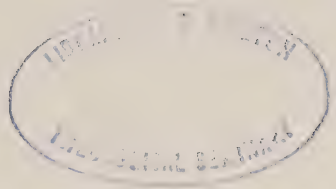
Drama at the Doctor's Gate



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DR. EDWARD H. HUME



Drama at the Doctor's Gate

THE STORY OF DOCTOR EDWARD HUME

OF YALE-IN-CHINA

by *Lotta Carswell Hume*

THE YALE-IN-CHINA ASSOCIATION, INC.

NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT

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"FOREWORD

THIS BOOK *DRAMA AT THE DOCTOR'S GATE*, written by Lotta Carswell Hume in memory of her husband the late Dr. "Ed" Hume, and of their joint missionary work in China, while told as a charming story, may well be most inspiring reading that sums up half a century of work of a delightful human spirit. "Ed" Hume's life is well worth remembering and I am glad that Mrs. Hume has told it so charmingly. It is a record of ventures undertaken with daring joy, of ideals fought for, prejudices overcome, sorrows endured, friendships formed, and a dream realized, and through it all emerges a great pioneering spirit out to fight nothing but disease and suffering and human ignorance.

When I first met Dr. Hume, we talked not only Chinese, but educated Chinese. I was struck by the quality of the men of Yale-in-China: broad-minded, well-read university men. It may not be apparent to many readers that the combination of broad-mindedness, or the open mind of inquiry, and missionary work are rarely married, since the drive for missionary work usually stems from a desire to rescue the "heathen Chinese" from perdition. Here was a meeting of mind to mind, of a half-humorous approach to all differences of customs and rituals, of mutual respect and appreciation, and courtesy and common humanity which so easily won over a Chinese heart.

The story begins with the sailing as missionaries to India of Dr. Hume's Scotch grandparents in 1839, and is carried down through the changes of ways and customs in the first years of the Chinese Republic to the nineteen-forties. It is sprinkled with vignettes of Chinese characters and genuine

insights into Chinese minds and social customs. I find Mrs. Hume has quite a gift for telling stories (witness the story of Mo lan in Chapter 16 and "Drama at our Gate" in Chapter 19). It is a heart-warming story.

LIN YUTANG

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AN ADVENTUROUS WEDDING JOURNEY

NEW YORK had marshaled its brightest sunshine to celebrate the sailing of the S.S. *Cedric* on the morning of October 9, 1903, for she was carrying a happy couple on the first lap of a significant wedding trip that would circle half the globe.

Had the ship's compass on the top deck been a crystal ball, the bride and groom might have gazed into it and seen their honeymoon lasting on for a half century, and their voyages reaching many continents.

But today Dr. Ed and his bride were not crystal-gazing, for their eyes were fixed on the last coil of rope which bound them to their homeland. The dock hands were waiting for the signal to cast off; seamen were all in their places near the gangplank, waiting for orders to "pull her in"; the passengers were lined up along the railing, anxiously looking at their watches, as the time of sailing approached.

But the orders to cast off did not come, and there was a hum of conjecture among the passengers as to why the ship was not sailing. On one thing they did agree, "There must be some very distinguished personage expected, for only so would the great ocean liner be held past her scheduled hour of sailing."

Suddenly, to everyone's surprise, a little woman dressed in deep mourning, carrying two rather shabby suitcases, came trudging slowly up the gangplank, while two children clung to her skirts. As soon as she entered the ship, instantly the whistle blew, the long-awaited orders came from the bridge;

there was a great splash from the coil of rope; and the gang-plank was pulled in.

For a few minutes, there were friendly discussions as to who the little woman might be, but the crowd quickly dispersed, as each passenger hurried to his cabin, to set it in order for the voyage.

Only one person at the railing concerned himself about the little figure dressed in mourning!

Sir Thomas Lipton was returning to England after one of his famous yacht races. He quietly went to the purser's office to get her cabin number, and made his way down to the second class. He heard her sad story—her husband had been the minister of a small church in Ohio. He had recently died, and she was taking her children to her mother's home in England. Sir Thomas was confirmed in his suspicion that another baby was due soon. He became the central figure on the ship. His appearance on deck was always the occasion of great excitement, as a long retinue of admirers trailed his every move.

And so, on the third morning at sea, when he was seen pinning up a notice on the bulletin board, there was a rush to see what the notice might be. It read:

“Cedric Ward was born at Two A.M.
October 12, 7 pounds 2 ounces.”

Under the notice he tacked another paper headed:

“Subscription list for baby Cedric.”

The first name on that list was:

“Sir Thomas Lipton, £1,000.”

The bulletin board became the center of interest for the rest of the voyage, as the passengers gathered each morning to see what total had been reached.

On the day of the landing in England, the Captain joined

Sir Thomas on the deck and a draft on the Bank of England was presented to the little mother, an amount sufficient for Cedric's entire education through to a university degree.

It was a happy voyage, with leisurely hours of reading, the usual deck games, the "Captain's Dinner," and the fancy dress ball.

But, when night shrouded the vessel and the sparkling ocean grew dark and spectral, then Dr. Ed and his bride would make their way to the extreme tip of the bow, there to be alone, where they could watch the phosphorous churn up a sea of flame through which the vessel plunged as it rode the waves.

They loved this trysting place, for together they looked ahead through the flying spray, and in their imagination they saw, going before them, the slender, ghostly wakes of two small sailing ships that had, two-thirds of a century earlier, followed this same course, across this same ocean, headed for India.

One ship, the brig *Waverley*, a freighter of 232 tons, had sailed from Salem, April 11, 1839, bound for Bombay. Robert and Hannah Hume, Dr. Ed's grandparents, were among the passengers going out as missionaries. The other ship was the *Flavia*, carrying Dr. Ed's maternal grandparents, the Chandlers, to South India.

Could it be that the *Waverley* and the *Flavia* were mysteriously charting his course toward India? Was it the spirit of those pioneer grandparents that was luring him on this venture of faith?

Back in their cabin, Dr. Ed traced the course of the *Waverley* and the *Flavia* around the Cape of Good Hope and across the Indian Ocean, a hazardous journey of four or five months!

He knew that, before long, we would see their wakes no longer, as the *Cedric* steamed straight on to London as the first port of their new journey to India.

“Passage to more than India!
Passage to you, your shores, ye
aged fierce enigmas!
Passage to you, to mastership of
you, ye strangling problems!
Sail forth—steer for the deep
waters only! . . .
O daring joy, but safe! are they
not all the seas of God?”

ARRIVAL IN BOMBAY

IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL DAY as our ship steamed into the port of Bombay. Malabar Hill stood out against the cloudless sky, like a great sentinel guarding the city.

Twelve years earlier, an eager boy of fifteen had sailed out of this harbor on his first trip to America. Today, Dr. Ed was returning to offer medical service to his beloved India.

Nothing could have given us more joy than to see his sister on the dock to greet us. With her was a group of beturbaned Indian men whom Dr. Ed had difficulty in recognizing as his boyhood playmates, now grown to be men of affairs in the city.

We climbed into the familiar family victoria, so reminiscent of his boyhood, when he was proud to be allowed to ride on the high seat with the coachman, and to watch the jingling bells on the horse's head.

As we drove through the crowded market street, Dr. Ed said, "I will close my eyes, and try to identify each section of shops along the way, by the distinct smells.

"Yes, these are the sandal-wood shops where we children loved to watch the artisan pound the bits of ivory into intricate patterns for the sandal-wood boxes."

Then came the spice shops, with their subtle hints of ginger, saffron, pepper, and cardamom.

The pungent odor of curry recalled to Dr. Ed a busy restaurant, and the delights of the candy shop next door.

"Ah! here is where I spent most of the *annas* from my savings bank. I can taste now the dripping syrup that oozed out of the crisp, crunchy *jilabi*," he confessed.

The flower mart brought us a whiff of jasmine and roses, and next we heard the tap, tap, tapping of the silversmith in the silver mart next door.

Soon the scent of incense and the chanting of priests told us that we were near a temple.

To the young bride, no Cinderella pumpkin coach could have brought more thrills than this first drive through a native Indian street. The impression was that of a riot of brilliant color: men in bright turbans and white robes; women gliding along majestically in gay *saris*, balancing great shining copper jars on their heads; carts piled high with bright red peppers; horses tossing gay tassels and bells on their heads; Buddhist priests in saffron-yellow robes, telling their beads, as they made their way through the crowd!

We arrived at last at the gate of the Hume compound, where Dr. Ed's father and mother had spent twenty years of dedicated service. Above the confusion of the busy street, we thought we caught strains of lovely choral singing. The gate swung open and a picture greeted us which will always remain a cherished memory. The shaded road which wound through a grove of tall cocoanut palms and great mango and banana trees, was lined on either side with rows of lovely Indian girls in pure white *saris*, with fragrant blossoms in their hair. They were singing a lovely song of welcome, as they scattered blossoms in our path. As we neared the house, younger children greeted us waving palm branches and singing their own merry little songs.

To Dr. Ed it was truly a home-coming, for we were asked to live in the Hume family house, where he had spent his

boyhood. His mother and father were in America for needed rest and medical care. It was a large roomy house built for the tropics, with wide verandas on all sides. The mission "compound" seemed to the young bride like a quiet oasis set in the center of the turbulent city, where age-old traditions of Hindu and Moslem worship dominated life, causing ceaseless conflicts between rival beliefs.

After we had gotten settled, Dr. Ed took me on a guided tour of the house, and all the stories which he had told me of his boyhood suddenly came to life.

To his younger brothers and sisters, he was always "Doctor Lumpy." "This is the room where I took their temperatures, dispensed little pink pills, and bandaged imaginary wounds." He smiled as he showed me the tall stand from which he preached long sermons to the same captive audience. "My favorite text was 'Oh generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come.'"

On Sundays they were allowed to dramatize the Bible stories, the most popular one being the march around Jericho with vigorous blowing of trumpets when the "walls came tumbling down." I was interested to note how many chairs had survived this disastrous climax!

There was a suppressed groan from Dr. Ed, as the sight of the piano recalled long tiresome hours of practice, checked every few minutes by appealing glances at the clock which hung beside the piano.

The thing that captured my interest was the small desk, where such an eager little boy studied with his mother, that when he was four he was presented with his Bible, since the family had a tradition that as soon as a child could read he would receive his own Bible.

It was at this same little desk when he was fourteen, that he translated into Marathi *Tip Lewis and His Lamp*, a story of a typical American boy. He had a great Marathi

scholar, Toumbak Shastre Joshi, at his side, and month by month the chapters appeared in a paper called *A Confection of Wisdom for Children*, which his mother published. When the series was completed, the book was published in Bombay, bound in a bright red cover.

As we were going around one of the long verandas, there sat cross-legged the family *shimpi* or tailor, sewing. He wore a turban and loin cloth, and peered through old iron-rimmed spectacles. The sight of him recalled to Dr. Ed the day, years ago, when he had discovered the *shimpi*, head back, mouth wide open, fast asleep. This had proved irresistible. He ran to the kitchen and brought out a large chunk of beef, and, taking careful aim, he threw it into the *shimpi's* mouth. The *shimpi* woke with a start and then was terrified, because, being a Brahmin, he was defiled by having meat in his mouth. For several days the poor *shimpi* had to observe strict rules of purification.

The dark storeroom, called a "go-down," next to the veranda, recalled another story, with little pride in the telling.

Little Eddie was very hungry for some native candy, and his piggy bank was empty, so he found the key of the "go-down" and helped himself to the religious tracts which his mother had stored for later free distribution.

He put on his best suit and his most sanctimonious look, and took his stand outside the gate, offering the tracts for sale to passers-by. Few had any sales resistance to such an innocent little salesman, so he did a very profitable business, which netted him a goodly supply of candy, and a big dose of castor oil for a resultant stomach ache.

I began to understand the necessity for the bamboo switch, which he found still reposing on the top shelf in his father's study. I did, however, feel a twinge of resentment against my mother-in-law when I learned that her method of punishment was to banish him to the dark "go-down," with huge

cockroaches and scorpions, together with a very guilty conscience to haunt him.

In his father's study, he lapsed into silence as if we trod on sacred ground, for his father had been, through his life, like a holy presence, haunting in its selflessness; brooding in its tenderness and love; inspiring in its utter dedication; forever beckoning him to higher reaches of devotion to the best that life had to offer.

To the young bride, life in this tropical home meant an adjustment to an entirely new way of life, a new daily routine: A tap at her door at six in the morning; a bare-foot servant serving her *choti hazri* (little breakfast) of tea and toast; Dr. Ed's medical out-calls during the cool of the morning; breakfast at ten; tea at four; dinner at eight.

She had to learn to adjust herself to living in a house with no modern conveniences; no air-conditioned house and no electric fans eased the tropical heat, but instead, a large *punka*, a cloth panel about three-feet deep, and as wide as the room, was suspended at the ceiling level. Out on the veranda, the *punka-walla*, an Indian boy, pulled with rhythmic strokes as the *punka* swayed back and forth. There were intervals when the air in the room became oppressive and still, when the *punka-walla* had fallen asleep.

How little she had realized, in America, how well supplied and ordered were the basic necessities of life there, and what a variety of services were covered by the monthly payment of a simple electric bill!

She was appalled when she listed the human hands that had to take the place of that electricity, and of the telephone, and the other services which she had taken for granted.

There was the servant who carried *chits*, or notes; the *pat-tiwala*, also called *peon*; the cook, or *swaipaki*; the tableboy called the "butler"; the *ayah*; the house servant or *hamal*; a

sweeper who came daily to clean the pots in the bathroom was a *bhangi*, always a low-caste person; the gardener or *mali*; the servant who watered the road was the *shisti* (no street sprinklers here!); a watchman or *ramoski*; a tonga driver called a *tongawala*; and the milkman or *duadwala*, *duad* being buffalo milk!

As she fell under the "spell of India," the new pattern of her life gradually took form, and each day came to be a fascinating adventure.

Our arrival was a signal for an orgy of feasts, and the young bride soon learned to sit cross-legged on the floor, and eat fiery hot curry off banana-leaf plates.

There were always long speeches by the Indian hosts, with spicy tales of little "Eddie's" boyhood escapades with them, highly embroidered after the long years of their separation.

When Dr. Ed was called on to speak, he told of how much his close friendship with his Indian boyhood friends had meant to him. His closest friend was John Malelu, who sat next to him at that very moment.

"Do you remember, John, the homemade telegraph system that we developed, sending messages to each other down one length of the veranda and up another?"

They had walked together to the post office, and the clerks had shown them how they sorted the mail and canceled the stamps. He was sure that John would agree that their greatest thrill came when they visited the telegraph office and learned the Morse Code.

"I have had fun all my life in tapping out that code," he said.

One of his most poignant memories was of the day when he lost his temper with Krishna Chendroji; they were high school classmates in one of his father's classes. He struck Krishna a hard blow on the cheek.

His father let the thought of the wrong linger for several days, and he remembered vividly, on this day many years later, the anguish of that suspense, as he wondered what the punishment would be.

“Then, one day, Father called the whole school together, and brought Krishna and me out in front and said, ‘We cannot have comrades in this school fighting in this way. Krishna and Edward will now kiss and make up.’ For boys of thirteen this was a severe punishment, and we never quarreled again.”

BRIG WAVERLEY— A CENTURY OF SERVICE

"WE WOULD LIKE YOU to be the guest of honor and the speaker at our meeting in the Hume Memorial Church," said the invitation which was brought to Dr. Ed a few weeks later.

Make an address in Marathi after having been away for over a dozen years! It sounded almost impossible, but he decided to accept the challenge. He had become aware that his Indian friends were greatly moved by the return of this third-generation representative of a family which had served India as missionaries for close to a hundred years. They wanted the younger members of the Christian community to hear from his own lips the stories of his pioneer grandparents.

He discovered, as he spoke, that words forgotten since boyhood came back to him readily as he watched the eager, friendly faces before him. So he told them the story of the hazardous trip of the brig *Waverley* which had brought to Bombay his grandfather Robert and his brave little grandmother Hannah:

Born on June 3, 1816 in West Springfield, Massachusetts, Hannah Derby Sackett never dreamed, as a girl, that her life would differ from that of any of her schoolmates in central New England.

She taught in a private academy at Babylon, Long Island, and she hoped some day to study in the Mount Holyoke Female Seminary, which was being projected by Miss Mary

Lyon, but which was not yet started. While at the academy at Babylon, she met Robert Wilson Hume, a young theological student who was filling in as a summer preacher near the school where Hannah was teaching. Robert became devoted to Hannah, and he finally persuaded her that she should go out with him as a missionary to India.

During the next few months Hannah and Robert were busily gathering into trunks and boxes their few cherished belongings and impatient to get off to their chosen work; but the American Board would not allow them to marry until the vessel that was to carry them away was in port.

It was in the middle of March, 1839 that the long-awaited letter came from the Board secretary in Boston: "The ship *Waverley* has arrived and you are to present yourselves at the dock in Salem not later than March 30."

The restrictions were now removed and they were married in Hannah's own church in West Springfield on March 25, 1839.

The *Waverley* was a freight ship which, among other things, carried ice to Bombay. The inhabitants of Arlington, Massachusetts, were proud of the fact that every pound of this ice came from Spot Pond in their village. Natives in India paid fabulous prices for these shining, cold cubes, but when, on the next day, they found that all the cubes had melted, they complained furiously to the shipowners.

News that the brig *Waverley* had arrived in Salem spread from cottage to cottage, and it seemed to Hannah and Robert that the whole town had made its way to the dock on the day of their sailing. They recognized many of their young friends from West Springfield among the crowd of Salem folk who had gathered to bid farewell to the young bride and groom.

The young couple was the first to sail for India from the quiet little town, and the thought of such a perilous voyage,

with the prospect of living among so strange a people so far from home had hushed their friends into an awed silence. But, at the sight of the brig *Waverley*, with her sail set, the thrill of adventure swept away their gloomy forebodings and they laughed and sang as Hannah and Robert came on to the dock.

Hannah was a rather somber little bride in her black bonnet and skirt and shawl, in contrast to the gay hooped skirts and flowered bonnets of the other girls. But today she was caught up into the gaiety of the crowd, as jolly last messages were shouted to her above the din of the music, and as good-bye parcels were thrust into her hands. She blushed as one of the older women drew her aside and whispered, "The Ladies Auxiliary have slipped into the bottom of your trunk a parcel of very tiny garments that might be of use to you."

Her young friends noticed, with surprise, that she wore no wedding ring, and her customary brooch was not at her neck. Robert had persuaded her that wedding rings were entirely too worldly for missionaries, so they had exchanged Bibles at the wedding ceremony instead. As for the brooch, that too, he considered far too frivolous; so her beautiful brooch that she had worn everyday at the close-fitting collar of her simple dress, had been left carefully packed in her jewel box at home.

Her greatest trial was to give up her beloved piano. When her father had bought it for her, it had been one of the first to be seen in West Springfield. She had played since she was a tiny girl, when her chubby fingers could not stretch an octave. But Robert had decided that it was too luxurious a possession for a missionary, and so her precious piano was sold.

The clanging of the anchor chains was the signal for final good-byes, and her mother held her in a long embrace. It was a sad parting, for she knew that it would be a whole year before any word from her could come back to Salem—a silent

year of apprehension and patient waiting!

Hannah little thought, as she climbed on to the ship, that, on this day years later, we would be telling the story of the brave little woman who has come to be the patron saint of the Hume family.

The ship was like a shuttle carrying
the first colored threads of a new
pattern across our staid life web.
The pattern of the fabric started
that day in Salem was to be wrought
out over a full century, growing
more varied during each succeeding
decade.

"We will follow the brig *Waverley* around the Cape of Good Hope to the port of Zanzibar, where she put in for water," Dr. Ed told his listeners.

On this long stretch of the journey our little missionary wife had taught the colored cook on the ship to read and write, and under her influence he had become a Christian.

As the ship lowered her sails and drew near the shore, the natives of Zanzibar rushed to the palace to warn the Sultan that a ship was in port with strange flags flying from her mast.

"There seem to be queer creatures in skirts on her deck," they reported, "and their skin so pale, we are sure they must be ghosts."

"Bring them to my palace at once," he commanded, "and be careful that no harm comes to them."

When the message reached the ship that the Sultan had summoned them to the palace, Hannah slipped away to her cabin and locked the door. She opened the packages of trinkets that had been given her on the dock at Salem. There was a bright ribbon bow for her hair, a simple necklace of sparkling stones, and dainty little slippers with bewitching

bows of patent leather. She even dared to touch her cheeks with a bit of rouge, and she beamed with delight at the frivolous little missionary who looked back at her from her mirror. For a second she wondered what Robert would say but she was far too happy to care.

Robert had been reading his Bible on the deck when the messenger arrived, and when he called Hannah from the cabin, he was so startled to see such a radiant, beautiful Hannah, that all of his pious protests failed him, and he almost yielded to the sudden impulse to kiss her on the cheek, as she stood there on the deck.

News spreads quickly in Africa and, as they made their way to the palace, every bush had a little black face peering out to see the queer pale creature in skirts.

The Sultan received them cordially in his audience chamber, and after formal greetings, they were served sweetmeats and fruits from the lavishly spread table. His Majesty inquired about their trip, and, of course, was eager for news of America; then he turned suddenly to an object at the end of the hall. "Can you tell me what this strange box might be?" he inquired. "It is a gift from Queen Victoria and we have not been able to solve the mystery."

To their surprise, Robert and Hannah saw that it was a square grand piano, lying upside-down, with its legs up in the air. Robert stepped forward, and with a stately bow replied, "If Your Majesty will have the servants turn it over and find the key, I am sure you will discover that it is a thing of great beauty."

When the piano was righted and the messenger returned with the key, Hannah unlocked the piano and played a few chords. The Sultan had never heard such beautiful, tinkling sounds. "More! more!" he demanded, so Hannah played piece after piece, thrilled to have her fingers on the keys again.

Suddenly, the Sultan summoned his chief steward and gave

him an imperative order. The steward left the hall in haste and, after a few minutes, he appeared with six black, smiling damsels.

The Sultan rose and standing in front of Robert, he pointed first to the maidens and then to Hannah and said, "Good sir, take these six girls with you and leave her with me."

The Sultan was disappointed, but not offended at having his proposal turned down; therefore, as they were leaving, he presented Hannah with a beautiful shawl, and they returned to the ship laden with some of the Sultan's most valued treasures.

After 142 days the *Waverley* put in at the port of Bombay on August 20, 1839.

Robert later confessed that he soon noticed that among the English ladies, his wife's broochless dress looked as undignified as would his own collar without a tie. Quietly he went out and bought her a brooch. It was an unassuming one of black oval stone with a tiny bit of gold in the center, and the only piece of jewelry she ever owned.

During the following months, the spirit of Robert and Hannah seemed to come alive as Dr. Ed repeated the story of their difficult pioneer years in establishing Christian schools throughout the district. But what lonely years they were! In a letter written by Robert to his sister, Lydia Jane Williams, on January 31, 1840, he said:

"A few days since, we saw the signals that an American ship was entering the harbor. We were all anxious to know whether it had brought news from our dear family. I felt particularly desirous of a letter as we had not for a year heard from one of the family. What changes had happened we could not tell, and we were almost afraid to have them told.

"All day we were kept in suspense, but at night one letter came. . . ."

After fifteen years of devoted service, Robert became desperately ill with dysentery and was ordered by his doctor to leave India. In September, 1854, he was carried on a stretcher on board the *Merchantman*.

The Captain of the ship was drunk and did not attend to loading properly. A storm in the Indian Ocean drove the ship out of its course and they were obliged to put into Colombo, Ceylon, in order to readjust the cargo and ballast. In a stuffy little cabin, and with the heat of Colombo the patient became worse. After leaving Colombo, they had a fearful storm, the bulwarks were broken and partly washed away, and every wave washed over the decks.

The little wife Hannah lifted the children into the upper berths and stood in water as she cared for her husband. The doctor had told her that the only hope of Robert's recovery was to get him ashore, but he died in his sleep before the storm abated.

The superstitious sailors could not bear to have the body on board. Grandmother pleaded for the brief time which would bring them to land—already in sight, at Capetown, where friends would give burial to the dear comrade of her life. The Captain said, "Come into my stateroom and we will talk it over." In that moment's interval the callous sailors hurried the body into a weighted shroud and hoisted it into the deep.

A letter written by Hannah in Capetown on December 9, 1854 tells the tragic story in simple, moving words:

A sad afflicted family we are, but there has been much of mercy mixed even with this bitter cup. There seems no bright bright spot on earthe left for eyes to rest upon, but I do hope that we may be led to dwell the more on the rest above. How we wished ourselves again in our dear Indian home, surrounded by those sympathizing friends!

How we wished to have that precious body laid in the Mission burying ground, and an humble monument left to remind the heathen of the faithful instruction and consistent life of him who is at rest! . . .

The dear sufferer had many trials and discomforts; but he was the most patient, uncomplaining invalid I ever saw. He always said, 'We are not where we ourselves choose to be, but just where our Heavenly Father would have us to be.' . . .

We were drawing so near (as we thought) to the end of the voyage that I was much occupied with our progress, and planning about getting on shore, and seemed unable to meet the daily disappointments of calm, headwinds, etc.

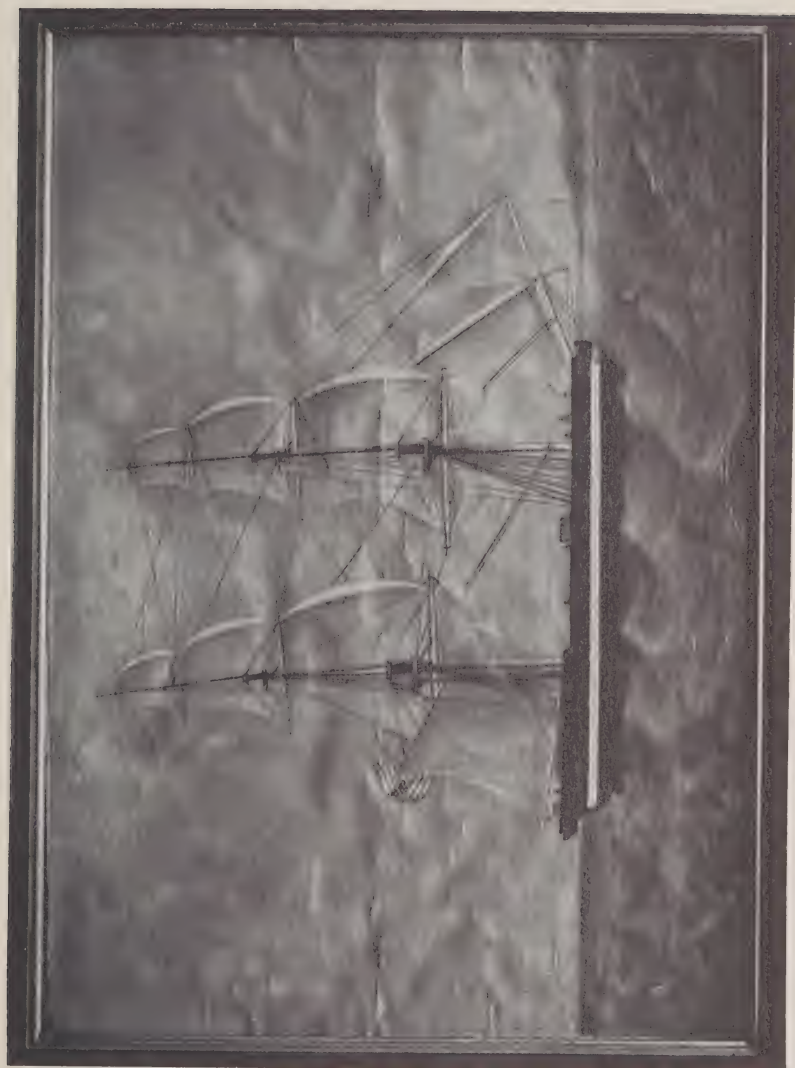
Monday the 20th we sailed 216 miles. They told us two or three days like that would bring us to the end of our voyage. Never did news comfort one more than that did me. . . . That day of good sailing was followed by a night of calm. (Instead of two days, we were two weeks in getting in.) The next day, Tuesday, we had a fearful storm. Oh, what a day that was! My dear husband was the only calm and quiet one of our number. Still it was a sad day to him; rolled and knocked from side to side, it seemed as if he would sink under it; and it was so cold too, we could hardly keep him warm. . . . The cries of the children, the noise of the seamen, and the tumult of the ocean seemed almost enough to overwhelm the stoutest heart; but it told most on our poor invalid. He never complained, but we had to keep him tucked on every side with pillows; and even then I often feared he would be thrown out of the couch. Even the sides of the couch gave way. . . .

All the voyage he had been anxious to have morning and evening prayers, whatever the weather, or however feeble he might feel. I often thought praying aloud while lying on his back was too much for him, and with difficulty I did prevail on him a few days to let me pray instead. But Saturday night when we gathered as usual in the evening, he said 'Shall I pray?' He then prayed with us in a loud distinct voice, and in the most fervent manner commended us to the Lord, closing with 'Do more or better for us than we can ask or think, for the blessed Redeemer's sake.'

This was his farewell to his dear children. They all kissed him and said 'good night,' to which he pleasantly replied and to Edward said 'Be a good boy,' but I could see he was exhausted. . . .

About half past seven o'clock on one of the loveliest Sabbath mornings you ever saw, he exchanged the earthly Sabbath for an unending one above. But I need not tell you that all efforts failed to make earth look happy to the little family that gathered around the remains of one who had so long been their stay and staff. How I did long for the presence and prayers of some dear brother! But we were emphatically left *alone*.

I was perfectly overwhelmed, and my dear children wept till their hearts were ready to break; added to all the rest, we had to see those rough sailors with tearless eyes, come and tear him from us. The children cried aloud and long 'They must not throw our dear, dear papa in the sea!' But there was no alternation, he must find his resting-place beneath the waves of the sea. The passengers asked for a coffin, but it was not supplied. All the circumstances were trying in the extreme, but he whom we loved knew it not. . . .



BRIG WAVERLEY



DR. WELCH AND
EDWARD WELCH HUME

During the long months of waiting at Capetown, before another sailing vessel arrived bound for Boston, Hannah made the acquaintance of Andrew Murray of Wallington, South Africa and he and others took her and the children into their homes. During her visit in his home, Hannah shared with Andrew Murray her copy of *The Life of Mary Lyon*, a book which friends had sent her from America. They discussed her wonderful accomplishment in the founding of Mount Holyoke College, and Hannah inspired him with the idea of establishing a Mary Lyon Seminary in South Africa. This, she reminded him, would be the pioneer institution in the education of African women.

He grew so enthusiastic over the idea, that, as she was leaving, he suggested that upon her arrival in America, she secure graduates of Mount Holyoke College to come to Africa to teach, and so to carry on the ideal which Mary Lyon had established in America.

Finally they got passage on the ship *Springback* and reached Boston on April 11, 1855.

Those who know Old Beacon Street in Boston will remember how many sea captains have their homes there, each with a "Captain's Walk" on the roof. The old sea dogs could walk back and forth as if on the bridge of a ship, and from that height they could look out through spyglasses and see the ships coming into Boston Harbor. On this particular day, one of these experienced captains, looking through his spyglass, saw a ship coming in which was evidently of Dutch origin. His coachman harnessed up the captain's carriage and they drove down to the water front. The old captain waited for the ship to make fast, then went aboard and paid his respects to the incoming captain. He asked him, of course, about his cargo and about the weather while crossing the Atlantic and then went on to inquire, "Tell me about your passengers."

The captain pointed along the deck to a little woman, not

quite forty years old surrounded by her six children. "That is the most remarkable woman I have ever met. There are not many like her anywhere in the world."

The Beacon Street captain stood watching Hannah and her children for a few moments. Then, having made up his mind to a course of action, he walked over to the group and bowed deeply to the mother. "Madam, if you will permit me, I should like to take that eight-year-old boy of yours, Robert, I believe you said was his name, and bring him up as my son. He shall have a home that will be like his own, and I will see to it that he gets a Christian education of the sort you desire all the way through college! Will you give me that privilege?"

"You are very good," replied Mother Hannah, "but the Lord gave me these children to shelter and educate, and I shall not yield my task to any one else. I am grateful indeed for your kind offer."

The family went first to West Springfield, and as the years went on, Hannah moved with her family from West Springfield to New Haven in 1864.

Hannah had never had the opportunity of studying in an institution beyond high school. And in those days it was not the custom even for all the sons of wealthy and educated families to go to college. However, she was determined that, despite their limited financial circumstances, Robert Allen and Edward Sackett Hume, his younger brother, should go to Yale College. One Sunday morning after church, a friend said to her, "Mrs. Hume, why do you spend so much time and effort educating your children? Why don't you send the boys to work?"

Hannah Hume was ready with an answer: "You don't realize," she said, "that I am polishing diamonds!"

By dint of her careful thrift, and their ready coöperation, all the children had a good education, the best available. Then they all pooled their resources and bought for their mother a house of her own—24 Home Place, New Haven. After that

the sons married and went to India as missionaries. How eagerly she watched for the post man who unfailingly, once a week, brought her the India letters. So treasured was every word from her boys that even the envelopes were saved. "I can't bear to throw away their handwriting." Unfailingly too, every Tuesday, went letters to Robert and Edward. A friend once asked solicitously, "Don't you wish your sons could be near you?" Fervently, drawing herself up to her full height (she was five feet—or was it five feet two?), she replied, "Oh no! They are where they are most needed!" Yet, on the hat-rack in the austere little gas-lit hall, hung hats which she lovingly, carefully brushed, against the time these sons should come home again and need them. Who said serious Hannah was without sentiment?

Four generations later the son of Dr. Ed sent this letter from the great Oxford Conference of the World Council of Churches in London, in 1938:

As I knelt at the communion rail in St. Mary's, at the memorable morning service on July 25 [1938], I suddenly realized that something of far greater significance was taking place than a visible symbolizing of that increasing spirit of Christian unity that had marked our Oxford conference. As I looked up into the face of Bishop Azariah of Dornakal, South India, who was administering the sacrament to me, the curtain of years was drawn aside on a dramatic moment, probably known only to him and to me. It was the full rounding out of a century—probably the greatest century—of missionary expansion in the history of the Christian church.

A sailing schooner, setting out from Salem, Massachusetts, in 1839 to round the Cape of Good Hope, carried in its small group of passengers my great-grandfather, Robert Wilson Hume, one of the earliest missionaries of

the American Board of India. He never returned to his native shores, for after a long life of service in proclaiming the Christian Gospel in India he died at sea on the voyage back to America. Four generations of the Hume family have spanned the century as witnesses to the spirit of Christ in India, preaching, teaching, and healing. And now, in this great service of dedication to the work of the world church, the cycle has come full round, and I am kneeling to receive the symbols of Christ's living body from the hands of the first Indian Bishop, a leader of that Christian church, the fruit of the 'missionary century' now grown so strong in the intervening years.

My imagination raced on, as I knelt in that brief moment, to include other divisions beyond those of geography alone. My forebears went to India in the name of the Congregational branch of the Church of Christ, which I am happy yet to serve. How fitting that in the very year when significant efforts are being made to bring understanding and coöperation between the Episcopalian and Congregational churches of America I should be receiving the symbols of Christian unity from an Anglican Bishop of India just as my great-grandparents went out in the free faith of their Congregational heritage. The 'younger churches' of India and China have already made significant steps toward Christian Unity. In this memorable service an Indian is, in a sense, returning the gift of the Gospel with the added increment of a longing for unity that may, under God, in our time bear fruit of which we only dimly dream.

What was the Indian Bishop saying to me? 'The body of our Lord Jesus Christ. . . .' So indeed it had come to a new unity, transcending bounds of nation and race!

THEODORE C. HUME

SILKEN CORD OF DESTINY

IF AN OLD ASTROLOGER had been listening to this story of Dr. Ed's forebears, he would have adjusted his great horn-rimmed spectacles to look more carefully at the young doctor and his bride, and would have said, "Ah, I must ask the Fates how it happened that the Fairy of Destiny long ago tied together the ankles of these two, fixing their destiny to marry."

It all happened in Baltimore. Edward, when a third-year student in medicine at Johns Hopkins, frequently made his way out to the home of Lotta, only daughter of Lockhart Scott Carswell. It was a refreshing break from his medical work to go for a long walk in the woods, and return for a hearty meal in the Carswell home. He enjoyed hearing stories of old Mr. Johns Hopkins, whose home had been near by, and of his visits to Grandfather John Scott Carswell in Civil War days. The old recluse would arrive in his one-horse chaise and share with his friend his dream of endowing a university and a medical school for the city of Baltimore. Lockhart Scott Carswell had been a boy of fifteen when he had overheard these conversations between his father and Johns Hopkins.

"I could never have guessed in those early days," he said to Edward, "that a young man would one day be courting my daughter who would at that time be sharing directly in the fulfillment of old Johns Hopkins' dream."

The photograph of the Carswell ancestral home in Paisley hung on the wall, and gave Father Carswell a coveted excuse to talk of his beloved Scotland, and the kirk on the hill above the house where the flat tombstones told the stories of his noble forebears.

"You may have noticed," he said, "that many of my Carswell contemporaries have the middle name 'Scott.' This has come down as a familiar tradition from George Carswell, my grandfather, who married Helen Scott of Edinburgh, a first cousin of Sir Walter Scott. George was born in Paisley in 1778 and became the head of a prosperous establishment for the manufacture of Paisley shawls. He and Helen Scott had thirteen children, all born in Paisley, one of whom, John Scott Carswell, born in 1807, was my father. When John was a boy of twenty, George and Helen came to the United States by way of the St. Lawrence, and settled in Bloomfield, Michigan. The old log cabin is still standing in Pontiac, where they also lived for a time."

"It seems that we both have distinguished ancestors from Scotland," Edward said, "for the Humes are collateral descendants of David Hume, Scotland's great philosopher. My parents told me when I was a small boy in India, that one of the most impressive sights in Edinburgh was the tomb of David Hume in the old Carlton graveyard in the heart of the city. To the left of its portal is the great statue of Abraham Lincoln, with a slave kneeling in gratitude at his feet. 'The scene is a moving memorial to two great liberators,' I was told."

Father Carswell took down from his bookshelf in the Baltimore home a treasured first edition of Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, and showed it to young Edward Hume. Carefully pasted on the flyleaf was a brown and tattered letter:

TO GEORGE HUME ESQUIRE,

My dear Sir:—

Will you pardon the vanity of an author in hoping a copy of a new edition of his work may be not unacceptable to you as a man of letters and an ancient borderer. It contains some lines on page 138 relative to the Humes

of Wedderburn and the Swintons (my own maternal ancestors) with a few others, which were added since the quarto edition.

I am ever, with great regard, Dear Sir,
Your obliged and faithful servant,
(Signed) W. SCOTT

Castle Street, Friday.

Father Carswell opened the book and read,

“Vails not to tell each hardy clan,
From the fair Middle Marches came;
The Bloody Heart blaz’d in the van,
Announcing Douglas, dreaded
name!
Vails not to tell what steeds did spurn,
Where the Seven Spears of Wedderburne
Their men in battle-order set;
And Swinton laid the lance in rest,
That tamed of yore the sparkling crest
Of Clarence’s Plantagenet.
Nor list I say what hundreds more,
From the rich Merse and Lammermore,
And Tweed’s fair borders, to the war,
Beneath the crest of Old Dunbar,
And Hepburn’s mingled banners
come,
Down the steep mountain glittering
far,
And shouting still, ‘A Home! a
Home!’ ”*

*Sir Walter Scott, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, Canto Fifth, Stanza IV.

Hume is from the Celtic IOM, meaning a hill. At the village of Hume, in Berwickshire, Scotland, the ruins of Hume Castle stand on the summit of a rocky hill about 500 feet in height. Hume is spelled variously in parish registers as Hume, Home, Hoom, and Hoome.

"Yes," said Edward, "I have always felt that some of the courage and strength that came to the aid of my parents and grandparents in their venturesome lives must have been derived from their Scottish ancestors. We were told, even by my gentle father, of the lines,

"The Humes of old were warriors bold
As e'er auld Scotland ken'd, man;
Their motto was their Country's Cause
And 'True unto the end; man.' "

The old astrologer would have made a note in his tattered Book of Destinies. "Aha," he would have said, "this is how the Fairy of Destinies long ago tied together with his silken cord the ankles of a Hume and Scott, firmly fixing their fate to marry."

"Nothing can resist the decree of Heaven"

THREE FATEFUL LETTERS

“DO TELL US when you decided to study medicine,” his old friends begged.

Several of Dr. Ed’s boyhood friends were now professors at Bombay University, others were doctors and lawyers in the city. They were gathered at his home one evening in Bombay.

“From my early boyhood onwards,” he said, “it had been accepted that I was to be a doctor. No one knows who started the idea. There had been no doctor in the family for generations; and yet the two sisters always brought their play patients to me. Unconsciously they were the ones who helped set my course.

“One day, when I was just twelve, Father took me out to an old fort, to see whether we could get relief for our house servant, Lakshman, at the Civil Hospital. The faithful old man had a strange growth in the palm of his hand, and it was badly in need of attention. Without a word, the British community doctor picked up a sharp knife, grasped Lakshman’s hand, and sliced the growth out, while the poor patient howled with pain.

“ ‘I shall never be that sort of doctor,’ I said to myself, ‘Indian men and women feel pain as much as Westerners.’

"That day I almost gave up the idea of studying medicine.

"But, only a few months later, Father took me down to South India, to visit the famous city of Madura, known all over India for its famous temples. Not far from one of the temples, was the American hospital, where Dr. Van Allen was the chief surgeon. Dr. Van Allen had heard something about my growing interest in medicine, and he asked me to come into the examining room while he looked over an Indian patient. The contrast with my earlier experience was never to be forgotten. Here, too, was a man in intense suffering, but he handled him with the utmost gentleness and courtesy. The treatment caused so little distress that the patient went away with gratitude to the doctor.

"That day I finally decided that I would be a doctor—a doctor like Dr. Van Allen.

"But I resented the suggestion, through high school and early college days in America, that I should go out to the East as a doctor. Others in the family, in previous generations had done their stint across the sea, I would be a doctor in America.

"Gradually the purpose grew, that, as my father and grandfather had been teachers, I too, would be a teacher—a medical teacher. This purpose grew stronger after I reached the decision later to go to the Far East. Through the latter years at college I was often called 'Bombay Eddie.' I had actually shown my friends drawings of the hospital and the medical school buildings I had already planned in my dreams. Medicine was to be my lifework, not only as a practitioner, but in building a medical school.

"After graduating from Yale, I went to Block Island to tutor two boys, getting them ready for their entrance examinations in Greek and Latin to enter Yale.

"Then one day a letter arrived.

"This was the first of four fateful letters which have determined my course at critical points in my life."

June 29, 1897

Dear Hume,

Your father writes me from Bombay that you are going to study medicine. Of course you are coming to Johns Hopkins . . .

(Signed) WILLIAM H. WELCH

“‘Johns Hopkins! Johns Hopkins!’ I repeated to myself as I read the letter over and over.

“Could it be that I might be one of the fortunate groups to study under Welch, Osler, Kelly, and Halsted, *The Great Four* as they were called? ‘Those men at Johns Hopkins are bringing about a new era in medical education,’ I reminded myself. As I thought over that letter later, I decided it was not a suggestion nor an invitation, but a mandate.

“Dr. William Welch had been called to the faculty of Johns Hopkins. He had just returned from Germany, thrilled with enthusiasm at what he foresaw was the dawn of a new era in medical education in America. He was trained to use what he called ‘The master key forged by pathology and bacteriology, which was to unlock secrets of nature destined to transform the face of medicine.’

“I knew that Dr. Welch was confident that Johns Hopkins had a unique opportunity to lead in this dramatic period in medical education in America. So, in September, 1897, a group of eight Yale graduates registered in the fifth class of the Johns Hopkins Medical School. A few weeks later Dr. Welch invited me to have dinner at the Maryland Club.

“‘Come at six,’ the note read, ‘so that we may have a good visit.’

“Dr. Welch asked about my father in Bombay, and about my medical courses. After a memorable visit, just as we started to leave the dining room, Dr. Welch said,

“‘Hume, I know you are going to be hard pressed finan-

cially. I have cut out your signature from two or three of your letters to me and have pasted them on a bank deposit card at the Mercantile Trust Company. I have deposited three hundred dollars there in your name, and they will honor your signature. I hope you will not have to draw on the deposit; but it is there to give you assurance. Good night.'

"I never drew on that account."

During his first year in the medical school, Edward Hume and a classmate, Harry Carey, conceived the idea of starting a student bookstore. Dr. Welch was delighted and arranged for them to use the little gatehouse in front of the hospital. He wrote personal letters to Appleton, Macmillan, Blakiston, and many other publishing firms, urging them to send consignments of books as ordered by the two young managers, and he guaranteed monthly payments for the books they sold. It was these personal letters from Dr. Welch that gave the publishers confidence in two immature medical students, and enabled them to build up a business which put them through medical school.

Dr. Ed took out of his desk several cherished notices and letters from the Johns Hopkins days, and showed them to his friends gathered that day in Bombay:

THE BOOK DEPARTMENT

of the Johns Hopkins Medical School, announces its formal opening. The Department is prepared to furnish at net prices all medical books, both foreign and domestic. Such standard text-books as are recommended by the several Professors will be carried in stock at the time of the courses in which they are to be used. Special arrangements have been made with Bernhard Liebisch, in Leipzig, and with Welter, whereby German and French books

can be obtained in the shortest possible time. Special books on any subject will be ordered for individuals as required. The location of this Book Department in the Medical School will, it is hoped, be of service to those connected with the Hospital, as well as with the Medical School. For the present all orders may be left in Box 377, at the office of the Medical School.

H. W. Carey,

E. H. Hume,

Johns Hopkins Medical School, Baltimore, Md.

MEDICAL SCHOOL NOTES.

Cards have appeared during the past week announcing the formal opening of the "Book Department". This concern, which promises to fill a long felt want, is a private enterprise managed by Messrs. H. W. Carey and E. H. Hume of the first year. At present orders for books may be left at the Post Office, but later on, the Department is to have a room in the new Physiological Building. It has the active support of the authorities, and text books used in the different courses will be kept on hand. Special books will be ordered for individuals, and arrangements have been made with the leading American and European publishers insuring the prompt delivery of books ordered, and where possible at a reduction from the list prices.

This arrangement will save time, money and trouble for the student, and should insure their hearty co-operation and trade.

Messrs. E. H. Hume and E. A. Wells, of the first year, have been appointed assistants in Physiological Chemistry.

THE BOOK DEPARTMENT.

JOHNS HOPKINS MEDICAL SCHOOL.

H. W. Carey.

Baltimore, Md., March 15th, 1901

E. H. Hume.

To the

Faculty of the Johns Hopkins Medical School

Dr. Wm. H. Howell, Dean

Dear Sir:

With the completion of our four years in the Medical School near at hand the question of what is to be done with the Book Department presents itself and we desire to make known to the gentlemen of the Faculty through the medium of this letter what our plans are and to gain their approval of them.

The support given it by the students and Doctors and the increase in the business done each year convinces us on the one hand that the Book Department will always be a convenience and on the other hand that it offers fixed pecuniary aid to the students managing it.

It is proposed therefore to have the business carried on from year to year by three men, one from the fourth year class to act as manager and one each from the third and second year classes to assist.

We suggest that the appointment of these men be left to those carrying on the business subject to the approval of the Faculty which will reassure the selection of the most suitable men in every respect.

We present these plans in order to obtain an expression of opinion from the Faculty and we shall be pleased to comply with any suggestions made.

Yours Respectfully

H. W. Carey

E. H. Hume

"The second fateful letter came just as I had finished my medical course," Dr. Ed continued, as they urged him to go on with his story of how his training had prepared him for work in the Far East. "I had been deeply moved when President Daniel C. Gilman, presiding at his last commencement at Johns Hopkins, had leaned forward to hand me my medical diploma, and said quietly 'Hume, please send my greeting to your father and mother in Bombay.'

"That very afternoon I had a note by mail:

Dear Hume,

If you are still planning to go to India, you ought to have at least a year of training in a British University. Welch and I have been asked to nominate a graduate of this year's medical class to be Johnston Fellow in Pathology at the University of Liverpool. We both hope that you will accept the appointment. Let us know promptly.

(Signed) WILLIAM OSLER

"On the following day I notified Dr. Welch and Dr. Osler that I was ready to go, and a few days later I waved good-bye to my patient young fiancée and set sail for England."

During that year, instead of pining in Baltimore, the eager, prospective missionary-wife took a course at the Hartford Theological Seminary, and later a probation course in nursing at Johns Hopkins Hospital. When Dr. Ed returned from Liverpool there were long walks together, as he told her all about the "lovely" Typhoid bacillus which he himself had discovered, and which he had named "Bacillus L" in her honor.

The next year of internship under Dr. Halsted and Dr. Osler left little time for country walks, but young Dr. Ed usually found time to go out to 1442 Gorsuch Avenue for Sunday dinner.

"The third fateful letter that helped to steer my course came in the early summer of 1903, from a man who had given his life to preventive medicine. The letter read:

Dear Hume,

The United States Public Health and Marine Hospital Service has accepted my suggestion that you be sent to India on a junior appointment to be attached to the American Consulate in Bombay, to observe and report on plague and other diseases, and to see that ships sailing for this country are properly disinfected. If you are ready to accept appointment, you will be stationed for six weeks at Reedy Island, to learn what health officers have to do.

(Signed) CHARLES WARDELL STILES, M.D.

"That letter was an answer to our prayer for some way to go to India to investigate the need and the opportunity for medical teaching there."

"Those three Fateful Letters did indeed have much to do with your destiny," said Dr. Ed's Indian friends, as they listened to this story, "and we are glad that they brought you to India at last."

Little did any of that group know that another fateful letter would come later to change all of these plans!



EYES FOR SAFE NAVIGATION



RICE FIELDS STRETCH BELOW US



OUR PROTECTION AGAINST THE
WIND AND WATER SPIRITS



THE THOUSAND STEPS

PLAGUE IN BOMBAY

SOON AFTER his arrival in Bombay, Dr. Ed had called to report at the American Consulate, in order to begin his medical work. Mr. Fee, the Consul General, greeted him most cordially, saying that he was interested to hear about this new and unique appointment to his Consular staff. Dr. Ed told him of his talks with Dr. Stiles of the United States Public Health Service.

"We spoke of the plague in Bombay, which seemed almost like the Black Death in Europe in the Middle Ages, and we agreed that American ships, calling at Bombay, might easily get their cargoes infested by rats, which are known to be the carriers of plague through the rat fleas. Dr. Stiles has asked me to keep the Government in Washington informed each week as to conditions here, and, more important, to inspect all ships destined for American ports, and to make sure that rat-guards are fastened around the cables holding the ships to the docks, to prevent rats from climbing aboard."

"I am sure that you will render valuable service to America in this capacity," Mr. Fee replied.

A month later, plague was raging in the city. An ominous cloud of doom hung over us; men feared to go about their customary occupations, lest they be struck down by nightfall. Although it was not directly in line with his official duties, Dr. Ed eagerly responded to the summons of the Health Department Office to join the group which was working to try to control the epidemic.

"Your training at Johns Hopkins, and your special training in tropical medicine at Liverpool, give you unusual qualifications for this work," they told him. "But it will be important for you to inform the American Consul, and to get his coöperation."

As Dr. Ed packed his medical bag, he thought what a satisfaction it would be to inoculate his own countrymen, whom he knew would be grateful for a treatment which would save them from so dread a scourge, before tackling the more difficult problem of the natives.

At the Consul's office, he was greeted by the secretary, who said that Mr. Fee was too busy to see him, and might she take a message? She did not recognize him so he said, "I have come from the Health Department—it is important that I see him at once." She buzzed the inner office and gave his message. After a long delay, Consul Fee appeared, flushed and obviously irritated.

The doctor hastened to tell him that plague was spreading rapidly in the city, and that he had come to ask his coöperation in the American community. "I would urge you, Mr. Fee, to have your wife and daughter inoculated immediately." He waited anxiously for his reply.

"I am far too busy entertaining the officers of the British gunboat in port to be so interrupted," Mr. Fee replied, "and, besides, that inoculation stuff, which I call 'Heffkin's Soup,' will never be used on any member of my family."

The Consul went back to his inner office and Dr. Ed left the office with a heavy heart. He went back to the Public Health Office to get his assignment to the native section of the city.

He had on his list: "House number 6, Parell Road—5 in family—father died of plague."

When he knocked on the door, he heard muffled voices and a scurrying of feet inside. He knocked again, and the door

was opened cautiously. The room was dark, with no outside windows, and he carefully counted the huddled figures, "One, two, three, four, five. There must be a mistake on my list," he thought "for all five seem to be here."

It was later in the day when he discovered that the family had set up the corpse in the bed to be counted when the doctor came. They knew from their neighbors what their fate would be if the plague victim were discovered. The wailing of the mourners as the funeral processions constantly passed, carrying plague victims out of the city, had filled them with fear, and the plight of the families, ejected from their homes when the Health Department took over to fumigate the house, had fixed their determination to hide the fact of their father's death in every possible way.

It was about a week later that an emergency call came from the Consulate in the middle of the night, summoning the doctor to come at once.

"Little Ellen, the Consul's only daughter, has a high temperature, can you come at once?" the message read. A sickening fear gripped him as the doctor made his way through the deserted streets of the sleeping city.

The Consul met him at the door, and led him into Ellen's room. He heard the story of her little dog playing with a rat which was creeping slowly across the courtyard; of the fleas which Ellen found on her dog. It was a familiar story, and it took but a moment to discover Ellen's swollen glands, and to make a diagnosis of plague.

Two days later, Ellen died. The Consulate was sealed by the Health Department, with orders that no one might enter until it had been fumigated. Overnight, the family had become homeless wanderers, as they followed the little coffin to the cemetery on the hill beyond the city.

Dr. Ed, however, had gone into action! A runner was already on his way to the doctor's home.

"Prepare living quarters in our bungalow for Consul Fee's family."

This was followed by a second message:

"Prepare an isolation room for Mrs. Fee—ill—tentative diagnosis—plague."

There followed a series of dramatic events:

The doctor's wife who was pregnant had to be sent away.

The two hundred native school children, who lived on the compound, were dispersed to their distant homes.

The doctor's bungalow became an isolation hospital.

After weeks of care, the doctor was able to save the Consul's wife and take her back to her home. After giving final orders to the nurse in charge of the patient, the doctor made his way down the hall to the front door, when Mr. Fee stepped out of his office.

"May I have a word with you, Dr. Hume, before you leave?" he said.

They were alone in his office, and the memory of their first encounter in that same office, made it difficult for either of them to speak. The Consul was the first to break the silence. "Today, I have organized an emergency group, whose duty it will be to see that every American in Bombay is inoculated."

From his pocket he took a clipping, cut from the morning paper, and he watched intently as the doctor read. It was an appeal to the Indian community to join a crusade to stem the tide of plague in the city. It was signed CLARENCE FEE, *Consul General of the United States*.

As he returned the clipping, the doctor said, "Mr. Fee, I shall have to order at once an extra supply of vaccine for this joint campaign which we have launched today."

Making his way through the busy streets on his way home,

he thought, "My course in tropical medicine is paying a high dividend."

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Under heaven nothing is difficult to achieve:
All that is needed is a man with a heart.

OUR FIRST-BORN

IT WAS A PREFERENCE to have an American doctor that took us to Miraj, a city 100 miles from Bombay, for the birth of our first baby.

The American mission hospital had a small thatched cottage adjacent, and the picture of that modest little building will always take precedence over all stately cathedrals and castles that later entered our hall of memory, as the birthplace of our precious first-born, Ted.

Dr. Ed commuted back and forth to Bombay for several weeks, to attend to his Consular duties.

We named the baby Theodore Carswell Hume—Theodore “gift of God,” together with a blending of his noble heritage in the Carswell–Hume names.

Because of their desire to visit the Holy Land, and also because of the lure of the new baby, it was not hard to persuade Father and Mother Carswell to extend their trip and to visit us in Miraj.

Our only guest room was a diminutive one-room suggestion of a building called a *chupper*. After my invitation had been accepted, I wondered how I could fit my stately six-foot-two Scottish father and my plump little mother into this ten by twelve room. My fears were heightened by the fact that the walls extended only to within three feet of the thatched roof so that fresh air was all that I really had to offer them. How could I reconcile this with my father’s fear of sleeping in a

draft? The love for chubby little baby Teddy proved to be a magic wand, which transformed the little windy *chupper* into a dream house, and the soft tropical breeze, of which I had been so apprehensive, lulled them to such sound sleep as they had never known before.

To the little grandmother, the babe was the limit of her horizon of interest, but father was keen to see as much as possible of the life of the villages about us, and so he would disappear every morning at dawn and return for breakfast.

His ghastly tales of these morning adventures gave Dr. Ed great concern. He told of the hordes of ragged beggars who followed him calling, *Buksheesh! Buksheesh!*; of lepers squatting by the roadside, stretching out their fingerless stumps of hands for the coppers he handed them; of those who had fallen by the roadside.

His tender heart caused him to brush aside all of our warnings of the danger in the slightest touch of these lepers and cholera patients, and, as the news of the daily appearance of this kindly "Giant Sahib" spread through the villages, greater and greater crowds awaited his coming, following him like the Pied Piper.

If Saint Paul had been his journeying companion, he would have said:

"Though you cannot speak with the tongue of the Marathi language, and yet have love, it is like a melody, creating a responsive chord in the heart of these needy children of the East."

THE DOOR STANDS AJAR

WHEN WE RETURNED to Bombay, we took an apartment near the Grand Hotel. One advantage was the ease with which we could entertain visitors from the steamers landing at the nearby dock. One great joy was to introduce them to the unusual Indian fruits at our ten o'clock breakfast: mangoes, pomelos, mangosteens, custard apples, and four kinds of "plantains", first cousin to bananas, large luscious red ones and green ones, and the tiny glove-skinned yellow "honeys".

It was fun to take these American visitors to the bazaar. They were always incredulous about the stories of the variety and size of bundles that the natives could carry on their heads, until one day we saw, just ahead of us, a grand piano balanced on the head of eight bearers moving slowly down the street.

The happiest member of our family was baby Teddy, with *ayah* at his every beck and call, catering to his every whim. One day, when he was particularly noisy, I got out from a package of precious letters, one that Dr. Ed's mother had written to her family in America, dated February 10, 1878, when Dr. Ed himself had been a baby of about 21 months old. One paragraph of the letter read:

"Baby has been growing very fast the past week. More than once we have had to make a business of punishing him. I am surprised to see how much independence and wilfulness he has. Two nights in succession, we had to punish him and try to deal with him, but, for about half an hour he would not yield. The servants don't know how to deal with him. He thinks he can make them do as he pleases, and in this he is about right. Unfortunately, he is trying to do the same with

us. We need great firmness and wisdom, for sometimes he is very cunning just at the time when he ought to be punished."

"Chip off the old block," Dr. Ed murmured as he took Teddy in his arms.

Life for us was not without its daily hazards. One day, when Gopa, our table boy, was serving dinner, Dr. Ed suddenly rose and said,

"Gopa, go to your room."

Seeing my surprise, he explained that he had seen unmistakable signs of smallpox on his hands and forehead. Gopa protested, but Dr. Ed followed him to his room, locked his door, and telephoned to the Public Health Office.

Gopa was very angry when they took him to the isolation hospital. "O, doctor," he wailed, "if you had only let me go free I could have taken the train and gone to my home in the far north."

"Yes," the doctor replied, "and you would have been spreading smallpox all along the way. I will, however, send for your mother to be with you." When, the next day, the mother arrived, she went at once to the hospital and tied streamers and garlands to his four bed posts, and as she went each day around the bed, she knelt in worship of the Goddess Smallpox, who was honoring her son by this visitation.

We were reminded of the day when we passed a village where smallpox was raging. The villagers were escorting a little cart, in which an image of the Goddess was seated, to the edge of their town, where they would stealthily slip her over the border, hoping that her visitation would be transferred to their neighbors.

Two laboratories in the outskirts of Bombay held the greatest fascination for our visitors, one from which we got our plague vaccine under Dr. Heffkin, but especially the one where cobra antitoxin was made.

It was somewhat alarming to enter a large barnlike room,

with rows of wooden cages, out of which peered every kind of venomous snake. We arranged always to arrive just at feeding time, for this was also the time that they extracted the poison from the snake, for laboratory use.

A tall, lithe snake-charmer stooped before a cage, swaying from side to side, as he blew plaintive notes on his little pipe. The door of the cage had been opened, and a shiny cobra slithered out, held entranced by the music. As it started to raise its head ready to strike, quick as a flash, the charmer caught its tail between his toes and slid his snake stick down the length of its back, pinning down its head. He grasped the head and, before we realized what was happening, he had pierced its fangs through a thin membrane covering a small glass, and we saw the poison dripping into the glass, enough, we were told, to kill a hundred people.

He then took up a pitcher, and poured a quart of eggnog down the snake's throat, and threw it back into its cage, completely fed for two weeks. The doctor in charge of the laboratory told us that this snake-charmer was so indispensable to them that they were quite worried over an offer, which had come to him from the World's Fair in New York, to perform as the snake-charmer in their side show, at a very large salary.

Just before Father and Mother Carswell sailed for America, the Hindus and Mohammedans staged a serious riot in the city, caused by some interference with a religious observance. When father saw how quickly the British soldiers quelled the outbreak and restored peace, he said that he felt quite satisfied in going away that he could leave us under their protection.

Little did he or we realize that, before he had reached the old home in Baltimore, a revolutionary plan would have intruded itself into our peaceful family life in Bombay, and we would no longer be under the safe guardianship of the Bombay police.

CHINA CALLING—

THE FOURTH FATEFUL LETTER

Dear Hume,

This letter is written to you on the Yellow Sea, just after our sailing from Shanghai. It will be posted to you at Nagasaki.

However deep your roots of friendship and practice and plans for medical teaching in India may be, tear them up. Give up the Marathi language and your anchorage in Bombay. Come to China. Here is the field of work, as I see it, where you are destined to work.

Here you will be with a group of fellow university men, in a rich province in the interior, with every chance for the hospital your heart is set on, and for the medical school you want to establish. Your place is in China.

(Signed) HARLAN P. BEACH

Dr. Ed knew well the story of Yale-in-China from its inception:

At the turn of the century, a small group of Yale graduates had had a great idea. Their plan called for a group of Yale men to go to China, to help with the pressing problem of education and medicine. The prototypes being followed by the Yale Mission were the Oxford and the Cambridge University missions in India.

The contagious enthusiasm of this group soon won the support of Yale officials and members of the faculty. There were many meetings around the great fireplace in the home of Anson Phelps Stokes, then Secretary of the University.

As the men gathered for these meetings they recalled the romantic history of that old house when, on the evening of December 29, 1767, John Pierpont and his bride took up residence in the new house which he had built for her on the north side of the New Haven Green.

They had been married "soon after sunset," at the home of the bride's father Nathan Beers; and, as the winter night closed down upon the village, bride and groom had set forth on their wedding journey, which took them across the open Green to the new house that awaited them.

A fine house it was, with its great chimney, its white panels and wainscoting, and its beautiful fireplace. One hundred and fifty years had passed since John and Sarah Pierpont had lit the candles on their wedding night.

When Dr. Stokes bought the house, its welcome had gone out to many guests of the University, and another chapter was added when this group of men met before the fire in the "keeping room" on February 4, 1903, to incorporate the new Yale-in-China.

With the long Hume tradition at Yale, it was assumed that Dr. Ed would gladly accept a call of the trustees to join the new and exciting project in China. But, stronger than loyalty to Yale, had been his love and debt to India, where three generations had beckoned him.

He had declined the first invitation of the Yale-in-China trustees to go out in 1902 with Lawrence Thurston, to be their first physician. He had chosen rather, to accept a post in Bombay.

During his two-and-a-half years of service under the United States Public Health Service, he had made an exhaustive study

of the opportunity for his participating in medical education in India. He had finally decided that this field would be limited, since the British Government had already established medical colleges in the capital cities of the chief provinces.

It was at this critical moment of decision that this fourth fateful letter arrived with its urgent summons to launch a University medical school! Dr. Ed read and reread the letter.

“Come to China! Come to China!”

It offered the inducement of working with a group of university men; of a hospital and medical school; it seemed to offer an unprecedented opportunity to lay the foundation of scientific medicine in an ancient country and, ultimately, to train others in the tradition of the great teachers at Johns Hopkins. It offered the opportunity of being one of the pioneers in this first great outreach of an American university into an Oriental country.

It was a heartbreaking decision to make to forfeit his knowledge of Marathi for a completely unknown new Chinese language with its thousands of difficult characters; to break all the family ties which had given him such a sense of security from the first day of his landing; to exchange the familiar for unknown and untried ways!

But, after weeks of agonizing thought and discussion, in the late summer of 1905, we found ourselves setting sail on the S.S. *Simla*, bound for a new continent and a new adventure.

The same group of loyal friends who welcomed us were waving good-bye from the docks, but the figure which will always remain in our memory, was that of baby Teddy's little *ayah*, dressed in her pure white *sari*, at the very end of the dock, stretching out her arms longingly to her baby.

THE MIGHTY YANGTZE

IT WAS AN INTERESTING but uneventful journey across the Indian Ocean. As we made the four-day trip up the coast of China from Hong Kong to Shanghai, we were fascinated by the great junks with their many-colored sails, and the occasional glimpses of the distant shore.

On a windy September afternoon, the waters around the ship became definitely muddy. The chief officer told us that we were in the estuary of the Yangtze River, and we could see the faint outlines of the shore.

Our arrival in Shanghai was quite a contrast to the cordial greeting by our old friends at Bombay. A cloudy sky and drizzling rain reflected our drooping spirits. Our "destination Changsha" was a thousand miles inland from Shanghai, and so there was no one to meet us. Instead of the friendly, familiar Victoria, a dozen chattering rickshaw coolies crowded upon us, clamoring for passengers. They wore broad-brimmed "coolie hats" and grotesque shoulder rain-capes made of stiff brown fiber.

We had taken on at Hong Kong, a "traveling" *amah* to help with baby Teddy on the last lap of the long journey. The babel of voices and the general confusion failed to disturb her stoical calm, and, balancing herself and Teddy on her tiny bound feet, she climbed into one of the rickshaws while the coolie buttoned them both in with a great oilskin cover, to protect them from the rain.

She gave us courage, and, in a few minutes, our bedraggled

little caravan was bumping through the cobbled streets, heralded only by the shouting rickshaw coolies, demanding passageway in strident voices. We knew no Chinese, and we learned afterward that they were probably indulging in the favorite call, "Make way for the foreign devils!" They put our rickshaws down before the Hotel Shaftsbury, and we settled in for the night.

The next day we were curious to see a typical Chinese city, so we deposited baby Teddy with the *amah*, and hailed two rickshaws for our expedition. As we trundled along, the narrow streets seemed like a Chinese scroll, unrolling for us a panorama of restless life.

Bold Chinese Character signs hung from the shops on either side, and occasionally a newly opened shop was festooned with lanterns and gay flowers and gold dragons. We were glad for these splashes of color, for we missed the gay *saris* of Bombay, the turbans and the shining copper jars balanced on the heads of the beautiful Indian women. A somber blue was the dominant color here. But the streets were noisy and gay, with peddlers crying their wares; carriers swinging great loads from their shoulder poles, calling out to the crowds to make way; women and little girls carrying babies strapped to their backs.

Somehow in this first contact with a Chinese crowd, we detected above the noise and confusion, an overtone of good humor and a heroic cheerful way of life that won our hearts at once.

The following day a letter from Changsha arrived. It brought the startling news that the anti-foreign feeling had made it impossible to find a house for us. This anti-foreign feeling was quite understandable, for, before 1900, the province of Hunan of which Changsha was the capital, had been a proud cultural center, which all foreign "barbarians" were forbidden to enter. It was only after the Boxer Rebellion in Peking when a penalty was imposed by the American and

British governments compelling the opening of all ports, that one was able to cross the border of that proud province. We were unfortunate to be among these first unwelcome guests. The letter suggested that we spend the winter for language study at Kuling, a mountain community 4,000 feet up in the hills, where they thought we could occupy one of the bungalows which were used during the summer by the American and British women and children, to escape the excessive heat of central China.

As we thought of ourselves perched in a winter hideout on top of the mountain, gazing longingly across the intervening provinces to our "Destination Changsha," we felt a kinship and an understanding sympathy with old man Moses, as he reached the mountain of Moab, after his long journeyings, and looked over to the Promised Land. He also had a message: "This is the land of which I swore to Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, that I would give it to their descendants; I have allowed you to look upon it, but you shall not cross to it."

But Dr. Ed welcomed the proposal as a way to have uninterrupted study of the Chinese language before plunging into his medical work at Changsha. From earliest childhood he lived always where people spoke to each other in more than one language, and he was constantly under the most exacting training in language study. At his little desk in Bombay he had the guidance of his mother as he translated *Tip Lewis and His Lamp*. Later he was tutored by his father who thought nothing of giving him the entire conjugation of a Latin verb as one day's assignment. He went on to master Greek at Newton High School in America, and was awarded the Hugh Chamberlain Greek Prize upon entering Yale College. Through his early years at Yale, he was inclined to the idea of teaching Latin and Greek after graduation. So this chance to master the most difficult of all languages was to him a welcome challenge.

And so, after three days in Shanghai, we were on our way again. There was a touch of romance about sailing up the mighty Yangtze River, so symbolic of the ancient land whose dreams reach back through to a storied past! Our steamer started early, and when we woke we were sailing close to the shore and we looked across to far stretches of rice fields. A boy was riding his water buffalo, playing his little bamboo pipe. The river was full of junks; sails brown, sails white, sails blue, some square, some triangular, many ragged ones clinging to the framework of bamboo. Each junk had a staring eye painted on the bow. "No got eye, no can see!" Every village has its own distinctive type of boat and sail pattern.

The Captain pointed out to Dr. Ed a string of cargo junks which were bringing cargoes of foxglove and other medical drugs to be shipped to America. We passed many rafts a hundred feet long, moving between great salt junks; sampans loaded with rice, opium, zinc, lead, and antimony.

The river belongs to one of the great trade routes of the world. It flows from its far-distant source into the Tungting Lake, into the Yangtze, the Yangtze to the sea, the sea reaches out to the world, carrying products of two hundred million people of this great Yangtze Valley. This mighty river with its source in the far Himalayas is fed by small streams and rivers, each tributary becoming a part of the larger current, blending into its onward flow.

A symbol of the millenniums of China's history!

Three days aboard, and the river was still a mile wide. As we steamed along day after day, the river seemed to possess our being. In its great flow and far depths there were the timelessness and steady strength of the life and tradition of old China.

Our steamer, with only ten other passengers, seemed almost like a private yacht, compared to the great throbbing ocean

liners of our previous voyages. We glided along to the musical lap of the quiet water barely stirring at our bow. The deck below was not so peaceful. Like a miniature Chinese city, women squatted nursing their babies, while the men contentedly puffed their water pipes. Always there was the rattle of the mah-jongg games, the clatter of the chopsticks, and the incessant good-natured chatter, or an argument where the quarrel ended only in a caustic tongue lashing. This babel of sound did not disturb the upper deck, and we found ourselves wishing that this enchanted voyage might never end.

When our ship glided over occasional sand bars, we were lured to the deck to watch the sailor swing his great rope to take soundings, and as the lead weight sank into the mirrored water, we waited for his clarion call, "Two feet," "Two-an'-a-half-feet," "Four feet," "Four'n-a-half-feet." Our minds raced over distance and time as we recalled the same chanting calls on our great Mississippi: "Mark One," "Mark Twain," with all the memories of that great friendly American who took his name from the river call.

One morning we were joined on deck by a tall attractive Chinese gentleman. He bowed, and in faultless English he asked our "honorable name" and our "honorable destination." After he introduced himself as Mr. Wang, he looked ahead and saw that we were steering nearer to the shore.

"We are about to stop at Anking. This is the first of three ports at which we will pick up passengers—An-k-i-n-g, W-o-o-H-o-o, Kiu-k-i-ang." His voice was deep and resonant, and the names sounded like the singing tones of a temple bell. "Here there is no dock," he continued, "and you can already see the fleet of sampans making their way out to meet our ship." Our engines had scarcely slowed down, when the little boats, weighted down to the water's edge with their heavy human cargo, moved en masse to the side of our ship. It was breath-

taking to see the women in their wadded coats, with babies strapped to their backs, scramble over from the sampans and climb the rope ladder to our lower deck.

We were relieved to hear that we would land at a dock at Kiukiang, for we had no desire to attempt the rope ladder gymnastics that we witnessed at Anking.

OUR MOUNTAINTOP HOME

THE USUAL chattering coolies awaited us at the dock, and we soon found ourselves in sedan chairs swinging across the rice fields toward the base of the mountain. The mountain sedan chairs were of slender bamboo, in comparison to the glassed-in heavy Shanghai ones, and as we rode along through the open fields, we had our first picture of the real China—great stretches of rice fields, as far as the eye could see, were tinted with the delicate green of tender plants; bent figures were transplanting the young shoots; and great water buffaloes slogged leisurely along at the will of their young drivers. We came to an occasional squat mud village, with its grunting pigs, mangey dogs, and squawking chickens, where the chair bearers stopped for a pot of tea.

The sun was just disappearing behind Kuling when we arrived at the rest house at the base of the mountain where we were to spend the night. The vivid colors of the setting sun, mirrored in the water courses of the paddy fields, were like a series of fallen rainbows.

We had agreed to stop for only a short night of rest, so that we might begin our climb as the sun was rising over the mountain. When we saw the huge poster bed, with only boards for a mattress, and closed in by the mosquito net which would keep out all fresh air, we knew that only a few hours would be all we could endure.

At the break of day, the coolies were astir, audibly sucking in their rice gruel and steaming noodles, and debating as to which passenger each laid claim to. Would the *T'ai T'ai* with a baby on her lap weigh more than the *Sien Sen*, they calcu-

lated? By the time we had finished breakfast, they had come to an agreement and we were rushed to our chairs with many gesticulations and apparently much side play. On our return trip, after a year of language study, we might be able to fathom the joking which caused such hilarity, but today their flattery or insults were all alike to us.

With two bearers before and two behind, our slender mountain chairs were slung from bamboo carrying poles, and the bearers quickly swung into a rhythmic gait to the antiphonal chanting: "Ih ha! Ah ha!"—"Ih ha! Ah ha!" interspersed with an exchange of joking.

At the end of an hour or so, they stopped at a wayside tea-house to rest. While they sipped their tea we asked a British gentleman, on his way back from Kuling, what might be the gist of their joking. He explained that the Chinese were very fond of making puns on their Chinese proverbs. One would quote a familiar proverb, and simply by changing the tone of the words, it would convey an entirely different meaning. Punning was easy because each word had several tones, high, low, middle, rising, or falling, each with a different meaning.

We marveled at the ease with which they took the steep grades, and our friend reminded us that all the building material for houses, and all the supplies for the 1,200 summer residents, and even a grand piano for the community church, had been carried up from the shoulder poles of these mountain coolies.

The road climbed up and over great jagged peaks, and at times, the grade was so steep that we were tilted way back in our sedan chairs.

A continuous panorama spread before us—rice fields stretched below us into the distant haze, ahead we saw sparkling waterfalls, and ever a circle of towering mountains. It would have been easy to be frightened as we looked out over the sheer edge of a precipice, when our chairs were suspended

over a chasm with a drop of 1,000 feet! But the bearers were sure-footed and never slackened their pace.

At last we reached the "Thousand Steps" skillfully cut into the native rock, for the final ascent. As the bearers braced themselves for this difficult climb, they moved with such coördinated steps, that we seemed to slide up the side of the mountain.

When our chairs were finally set down 4,000 feet above the plains below, wrapping our coats about us, we looked at the distant towering mountains fifty miles away. It seemed as if by some play of magic we had been transported to a different world from the teeming sweltering city of Bombay.

So this was Kuling! Small bungalows clung to the sides of the mountains, but they were silent and offered us no welcome, for they were boarded up for the winter. They reminded us that we were settling in for a long, isolated winter. Only three families would be our neighbors: the Duffs who, in summer, ran a small hotel; the Berkins, in charge of the properties; and one missionary recovering from tuberculosis. Fortunately, the wife of Mr. Berkin was a physician; Teddy's little sister was on the way, and her services might be needed.

A baby moon looked down to comfort us and good old Jupiter that we had loved in Bombay was still watching over us!

After getting us settled in our tiny bungalow with little iron barrel stoves to keep us warm, Dr. Ed made the trip down the mountain again and on to Changsha, to get himself oriented and to secure a Chinese teacher and a nurse to look after Teddy. We also needed a nurse to be on hand when little sister decided to arrive.

Life fell into an idyllic peaceful existence, the stillness broken only by the constant droning of the Chinese characters, which Teacher Wang intoned and Dr. Ed repeated! Jolly

little Teddy was our one source of joy and amusement as the winter closed in upon us. Outside it was a fairyland, with great icicles festooning all the bungalows and weighing down the branches of the trees. Inside *amah* sat embroidering pink and blue satin slippers for the new baby, and there were none to intrude into our peaceful life.

We found it easier to keep happy than to keep warm, for the fires in the little barrel stoves persisted in dying out. One day, when Dr. Ed discovered that the fire had gone out, he called Wu Sz-fu, the coolie, to reprimand him. In carefully chosen Chinese words he said, "*Nee ch'wen tze!*" But Wu Sz-fu only beamed a broad grin, clasped his hands together, and bowed again and again. It was only when Teacher Wang arrived that Dr. Ed learned that by using the wrong tone, instead of saying, "You stupid," he had said "Spring is coming!" and Wu Sz-fu was congratulating him on the advent of Spring, in spite of the fact that icicles were dripping from every inch of our roof.

Surrounded as we were with the "Five Old Peaks" and lurking wooded stretches, it was not surprising that family picnics broke into the days of droning Chinese characters. The trip we loved best was the one which took us to the White Deer Grotto. It was a long climb down the mountain and through a wooded valley to the great stone bridge, hung with moss and ivy. This bridge reminded us that the Chinese knew the secret of arched masonry long before the Romans taught it to the rest of the world.

The gateway beyond the bridge was inscribed "The Happy Place of Famous Learning" and we found ourselves on the campus of the White Deer Grotto University. It was not surprising to find the oldest university in the world in China, where scholarship was held in high regard when European nations were just emerging from slavery. It was founded in A.D. 960, two centuries before Salerno, the oldest European

university. Its name came from a famous poet, Li P'o who came with his brother early in the ninth century to the lovely spot where the university was later built. Li P'o had a tame deer which followed him everywhere. He named him "*Peh Lu Sien-sen*," "White Deer Gentleman." He and his brother made their home in a cave which has been known ever since as "*Peh Lu Dong*," the "White Deer Grotto." A beautiful figure of a deer, carved from white stone, guards the campus.

At the close of the T'ang Dynasty A.D. 905, it was opened as the "Government School of the Lu Mountains," and in 960, the school was raised to the rank of a university. On the wall of the large assembly hall were eight Chinese characters, representing the five relationships as taught by Mencius:

Between father and son there should be love;

Between ruler and subject, righteousness;

Between husband and wife, attention to their separate duties;

Between old and young, a proper order; and

Between friends, sincerity.

As we turned to leave, we caught sight of a sign with an announcement:

Hereafter the University will be used for practical instruction in forestry, and the surrounding land will be reserved by the government for experiments in reforestation.

A voice of the new day, speaking in an ancient place!

One of the most absorbing experiences during the long winter months was that of supervising the building of our own little bungalow. Father Carswell had suggested, in one

of his letters, that we should have our own cottage for summer use in the years ahead, and he enclosed a cheque to cover the cost.

These mountain houses built solidly of native granite, were topped by corrugated iron roofs. Through the winter we had seen a few of these roofs lifted off by the high wind and sent rolling up the valley, so Dr. Ed was determined that our roof would be properly screwed on. He could not take time from his language study to supervise this, so each day to make sure that the screws would not be hammered in, he climbed to the roof with Teacher Wang, and straddled the ridge pole for his Chinese lessons. It made a unique picture silhouetted against the sky!

It was not until the early Spring that our peaceful existence was disturbed. At the base of our mountain, an angry mob massacred two American Roman Catholic nuns, and it was necessary for us to keep on the alert for possible further trouble. We sent runners down the mountain daily to bring us reports. The news of the massacre was flashed to America, and great headlines sprawled across the papers, prophesying that there probably would not be a foreigner alive in China after a few months.

Father Carswell, fearing that on our mountaintop we might not be aware of the danger, cabled us, "Shanghai, immediately!" This was a startling command since it came only one month before the date of Teddy's little sister's arrival. It posed a problem, but we decided, in view of my parents' anxiety, to go to Hankow for the birth of the baby. In writing to reassure the family, we suggested that they come to China to welcome the new baby, as they had come to India to welcome Teddy. Before we received their reply they were already on their way out!

So we closed our tiny bungalow and started our little caravan on its downward trek to Hankow. The *amah* carried little

Teddy in the sedan chair with her, and the coolies decided to turn my chair backward for my greater comfort. Dr. Ed kept a watchful eye from the rear.

Everything moved along smoothly until we came to the "Thousand Steps," and I noticed that the bearers were grasping the bushes to keep from slipping. I looked down and saw that the "Thousand Steps" were a solid slide of ice. I called to the coolies to put down my chair, for I decided it was safer to risk bandits from the other side of the mountain, than the chance of dropping over the edge of the thousand-foot cliff. My command was passed along the caravan, and after a family consultation, we decided to make a hasty retreat to our little bungalow in Kuling, and to stay there for the arrival of baby sister.

In a report letter soon after, which Dr. Ed sent to the Trustees in New Haven, one paragraph read:

It has been fine for our little Theodore to have this winter of bracing weather. Our greatest personal joy has been that the mission force has been increased by the arrival of Miss Charlotte Elizabeth Hume, who reported for duty on Tuesday, April 24th, 1906.

To celebrate the coming of baby Charlotte, the mountain burst into a riot of color: wild pink azaleas vied with the lovely purple wistaria to paint the hillsides, but masses of spotted tiger lilies held sway over them all. The modest delicate lotus covering the secluded pools and larger lakes was always assured of the greatest love by the Chinese who immortalized its beauty on their most cherished painted scrolls.

As the sultry heat moved into the plains of central China, the little cottages in Kuling began to come alive, and each night from our hilltop, we counted the new little lights that had appeared up and down the valley. The missionaries from all the scattered cities were assembling, and we soon found

ourselves part of a great company, bound by a common purpose, and dedicated to the same great task.

They came from the great cities; they came by houseboat down the Grand Canal from far interior stations; or over impassable roads by oxcart and sedan chair. Those who lived in remote hostile places had grown queues, and wore Chinese clothes to make themselves less conspicuous when they moved about the native streets, and the better to identify themselves with the people.

It was truly a "Blessed Community" that gathered each Sunday in the little church. Back of many were stories of martyrs who had preceded them, who had given their lives to make today's work possible. Never before was the great hymn sung with such profound meaning and such depth of feeling as by that Kuling community:

Faith of our fathers! living still
In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword
O how our hearts beat high with joy
When e'er we hear that glorious word:
Faith of our fathers, holy faith!
We will be true to Thee till death.

But Kuling is far more than a religious retreat, and our missionary tennis players could easily carry off the trophies from the businessmen and American government officials who also summered there.

Hidden in the crevices of the towering peaks, deep clear pools caught the blue of the noon-day sun. There was the Emerald Pool and the Black Dragon pool, and streams which made perfect settings for picnic parties.

One of the features of the season was the concerts, and Dr. Ed was installed at once as the director. He had studied singing and music since his boyhood. Few will ever forget the

perfect rendition of the *Messiah* at one of these Kuling concerts a few years later.

But nothing had such lasting value as the fellowship, and the exchange of experiences, which sent us back to our various stations encouraged and refreshed.

Baby Charlotte Elizabeth chose a perfect setting to make her appearance.

DESTINATION CHANGSHA

IN EARLY SEPTEMBER the nights grew chill, and fewer and fewer lights twinkled in the valley, as, one by one, the houses were boarded up, and the trek back to the mission stations began. When our day came to put out the light in our little cottage, a flood of memories of those happy mountaintop days so crowded in on us, that we found it hard to turn the key and close that first chapter of our life in China: There had been the great ice storms that overnight festooned the cottages with sparkling icicles and turned the valley into fairyland; could we ever forget the great silences of the night, and the nearness of things Eternal!

Our little caravan of two sedan chairs that had made its way up the mountain a year before had increased to six. There were Father and Mother Carswell; Dr. Ed with Teddy; I with baby Charlotte Elizabeth; Amah; and teacher, flanked by bulging suitcases, bedding rolls, and mosquito nets, books and bassinet, baby's bathtub, and cooking utensils, swinging from carrying poles of the coolies following.

As we made our way down the "Thousand Steps," the towering mountains seemed to look down upon us in an intimate way, for their rugged steeps had come to be our friendly neighbors through our solitary winter, and often at sunset we would "lift up our eyes unto the hills."

The Chinese poems took on new meaning:

“If streams and mountains occupy the view,
No brush can paint their meaning deep for you
When bamboo curtains drip with ceaseless rain,
The drops make sound of poetry so plain.”

Another poem also of the 9th century B.C., was a favorite:

“How goes the night?
Midnight has still to come.
Down in the court the torch is blazing bright.
I hear the far-off throbbing of the drum.

“How goes the night?
The night is not yet gone.
I hear the trumpets blowing on the height,
The torch is fading in the coming dawn.

“How goes the night?
The night is past and gone.
The torch is smoking in the morning light,
The dragon banner floating in the sun.”

“The morning glory climbs above my head
Pale flowers of white and purple, blue and red
I am disquieted.

“Down in the withered grass, something stirred,
I thought it was his footfall that I heard,
Then a grasshopper stirred.

“I climbed the hill, just as the new moon showed,
I saw him coming on the southern road.
My heart laid down its load.”

A.D. 1121

"On the moor is the creeping grass
Parched, thirsty for the dew,
And over it the swallows dip and pass
The live-long summer through.
I came at sunset, fevered with the heat
Seeking I knew not what, with restless feet.

"On the moor is the creeping grass
Deep drenched with dew.
And over it the swallows dip and pass
The live-long summer through.
You came at sunrise, ere the dew was dried
And I am satisfied."

A.D. 700

The great stretches of rice fields seemed now to beckon us to Changsha and the service we longed to give to the toilers in the fields. Our "destination Changsha" lay at the end of a two-day sail up the Hsiang River, the largest tributary of the mighty Yangtze.

"We are now in the Hunan Province," said the Captain one day as he pointed out the low hills of red clay, topped with many shades of green, ranging from the pale green of the young bamboos to the dark green of the camphor trees in the dense groves. Ahead we could see the river broadening out into the Tungting Lake.

We were sure that we were sailing through a storyland of China's heroism and romance, and we eagerly joined a Chinese gentleman on the deck, who was thumbing through a well-worn book of the classics. "We are on our way to Changsha," we told him, "and we are eager to know something of that city and this beautiful river."

He spoke faultless English, and we learned later that he

was Mr. Wu, a great Chinese scholar, who was returning to his native province for a visit, after an absence of several years.

"You are fortunate to have chosen Changsha as your home," he began. "This 'City of the Long Sands' lies at the heart of China, guarded by the Mountain of the Three Religions: Confucianism, Buddhism, and Taoism. Its 'long sands' are swept by the waters of this great river irrigating the vast 'rice belt' of China. The Hsiang gathers the turbulent waters from the melting snows of the far-distant Himalayas into a rushing torrent. At this season of high tide, the waters are caught into the emerald lake which you see just ahead. The Tungting Lake is the largest and most beautiful in China. The lesson of the river runs deep in Chinese philosophy," he continued. "The river never tries to destroy an obstacle, but flows around it; in time the obstacle is worn away, but the river flows on.

"Changsha, the capital of the Hunan Province, is called 'The City that cannot be Conquered'. Throughout the historic cycles, when the dynasties rose and fell and the empire was now unified and then divided, the City of the Long Sands has always remained the abode of romantic poets, of speculative philosophers, and of great lovers and soldiers. During the fourth century B.C., the greatest poet of ancient China, Chu Yuan, was born in Changsha. The world being too much with him, this romantic soul who would mount upon clouds of heaven, cycle the orbits of the sun and moon, and pass beyond the four-dimensional universe, eventually drowned himself in the Milo River, forty miles north of Changsha.

"One of the most colorful Hunan personalities of all time is Huiang Yu, who made himself King of Chu in the third century B.C. In one of the greatest military campaigns of Chinese history, he met his Waterloo as he was riding horseback. On the verge of stabbing himself, he thought of his beautiful sweetheart and composed the following verse:



CHANGSHA WAS A PILGRIMS' WAY



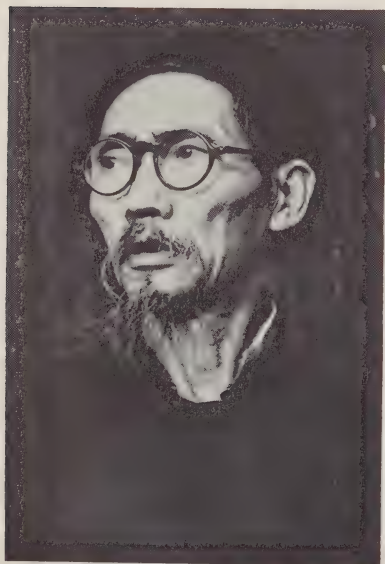
THE GREAT TEMPLE AT NAN YO



MAIN STREET, CHANGSHA



THE FIRST CLINIC: BREAKING DOWN THE WALL OF PREJUDICE



DR. WANG



THE FIRST HOSPITAL ON
WEST ARCHWAY STREET

“ ‘My strength uproots the mountains!
My spirit overrides the world!
But the time is against me,
And my horse refuses to go on.
My horse refuses to go on,
What can I do?
And you, O my beloved Yu,
What is to become of you?’ ”

“King Huiang died a great lover and soldier and even today Chinese are deeply moved when they sing this *Parting Song of a Hero!*

“As modern currents of thought swept over China at the turn of the century,” he continued, “the Hunanese were the foremost leaders in the national-democratic movement that ushered in the republican era in Chinese history. You have come to Changsha at a very strategic period, and your introduction of scientific medicine to supplement our ancient empirical system, will offer a new field of leadership for Hunan.”

The following morning we joined Mr. Wu at breakfast. We had wondered whether he could explain the anti-foreign feeling which had made it impossible to secure a house in Changsha. We told him that Yale University had hoped to establish an academy, and eventually, a college and medical school, believing that the men they were sending out would be welcomed in Changsha.

“How much do you know about Boxer Year and recent Chinese politics?” he asked. Discovering how little we understood the situation, he gave us the background for this hostility to foreigners.

“Ten years prior to 1900 had been a bad period for China. One European power after another had established spheres of influence. In 1898 Germany seized the main seaport of the

Shantung province, built a railroad from the coast to the provincial capital, and claimed the right to mining and other concessions throughout the province. Foreigners had but to make a strong protest about something, and the Manchu Court gave in without resistance. Immediately, secret societies sprang up, concerned chiefly with driving out the Manchu Dynasty.

"Local Chinese, who believed themselves descendants of the Han and Ming dynasties, still regarded the Manchus as foreigners, who since 1644 had usurped the throne and must not be allowed now to sell out China to the Western powers. They determined to capture Peking and throw out the Empress Dowager, but the wily old ruler got wind of the plan and, with her usual astuteness, managed to turn their attack away from the Manchus, and against the Westerners. She persuaded her political coterie that it was the Americans and British, as well as the Germans and other Europeans, who were responsible for the disorders in China.

"And so the Boxers launched an attack against the foreigners in the walled city of Peking, driving them back inside the British legation. A relief expedition consisting of troops from America and Britain, and other European countries, as well as Japan, marched up from Tientsin, dispersed the Boxers, released the foreigners, and threatened to capture the Empress Dowager. She, however, had made her escape to Sian and later was permitted to return to her own palace.

"Through this Boxer attack throughout north China, many Americans and British were killed.

"Hunan was indignant about its proportion of the total indemnity imposed by the Western powers, but especially because their proud government, that had boasted that their province could defy Peking by not admitting foreigners, had been forced by a treaty to open their port and allow them to enter."

As he was talking, something on the shore caught his eye, and he said,

“Look over there at that stone arch through which the main highway passes. You see that that gateway, standing at the very entrance of the province, is completely blocked up with stones and bricks and lime. All traffic has to detour through the village. The gentry have blocked that archway as a sign that they do not want any foreigners to come into the province.”

His words gave us a sudden jolt. What about the trustees at Yale who were so sure that Changsha would welcome us? What about the clinical work, the campaign of vaccination against smallpox and typhoid, the medical school?

Later, as we sat alone we thought back to our friendly welcome at the Bombay dock, our lonely arrival at Shanghai, and now a blocked archway to Hunan and our destination Changsha!

THE END OF OUR JOURNEYINGS

THE HUBBUB and excitement were unbelievable as our ship warped up to the pier at Changsha, where a motley crowd was waiting. Even before the engines stopped, hundreds of men stood on the very edge of the dock, trying to leap on board.

What a river front it was! What forbidding city walls! We had been hearing about Changsha for a year, but:

A hundred hearings do not equal one seeing.

As the crowd pressed down to board the ship, we kept asking ourselves: friendly or hostile? We soon saw that most of the men were just coolies looking for the chance to take baggage ashore. At least fifty swarmed onto the passenger decks before the ship was made fast. Presently a familiar face appeared. Warren Seabury, who had reached Changsha a year earlier, had come to welcome us. After assembling the baggage, he packed us away in sedan chairs and told the bearers where to take us.

We had just started toward the city wall when, suddenly, we saw a huge crowd gathered around a poster on the wall of the police station near the city gate. Seabury hurried to tell us what the poster was about. It looked threatening!

"Evidently the Hunan gentry," he said, "have made pressure on Governor Ts'ên to issue an edict announcing that the government will not stamp the deeds of any property sold to foreigners inside the city walls of Changsha. 'Such a sale is

absolutely forbidden,' it reads. We may have trouble getting a place for our school and hospital."

A moment later we came up to the Little West Gate. It was a tunnel-like opening that confronted us, cut right through the massive city wall. Was this to be another blocked archway? Looming before us, was an opening like an entrance to an ancient medieval dungeon. As we started through the gate, I wondered how I would ever be able to sleep inside that forbidding wall.

After we had passed through the tunnel and come out onto the city street, the noise and clatter became incredible. Were they just people going about their daily occupation, or was a riot brewing? Yet with all our concern, we felt at once an irresistible fascination about those streets. The life of the city seemed to pulse back and forth, back and forth, through each of those arteries. We passed many little open-front shops that had no need for window dressing. Coolies staggered by with loads of rice or vegetables, or even with great beams or blocks of stone for some building.

Sometimes the burden we saw them carrying was more precious than wood or stone. From above the rim of the woven bamboo basket at the end of a carrying pole, a little child in a gay coat peered at us, wondering.

Mothers pushed their little children behind them as they saw us coming, to hide them from the "evil eye." Some held their noses as we passed.

On one street we met an old grandmother, dressed in a padded blue coat and trousers, perched on a wheelbarrow. She seemed to be reveling in the sights and sounds of the busy city street. Ordinarily her tiny bound feet limited the range of her travel to the family courtyard in the country village, but today she was in the provincial capital! Precariously seated on one side of the barrow, she was balanced on the other side by her day's purchases, tied in a bright square of cloth.

Nor had she forgotten her little white teapot and her water pipe. I wondered whether she would ever become Dr. Ed's patient!

The bearer at the head of our procession signaled to those behind and we stopped in front of what looked to us like a barn door. Could this be our front door on this noisy street? And why were soldiers guarding the entrance? When the gate swung open, our entrance seemed blocked by a big wooden screen, carved with dragons, so our bearers swung our chairs around the screen to the left. After a few yards, another turn to the right; then left again; then right and through the massive gate of the main doorway into the front courtyard.

Seeing our bewilderment, Seabury explained that these winding right-angle turns were designed to throw the evil spirits off the scent as they tried to enter the house, if they had been bold enough to pass the great dragon screen.

"But why the soldiers guarding our gate?" we asked.

"Don't be alarmed by them," he reassured us, "the governor is personally responsible for the safety of all Westerners in the city. By his order, two armed guards are on duty, in the little sentry house, day and night. They will keep track of all your movements, and will report all your visitors to the chief of police. They are instructed to escort you whenever you leave the house."

From the front courtyard we were carried still farther in, through a corridor, across still another courtyard, where our bearers set down our sedan chairs.

"So this is home! The end of our journeying!"

The house was built within high walls. We learned that these were fire walls, and that everywhere in the crowded city it was only these walls that afforded protection. We were in an enclosed "compound," far enough back from the main street to shut away the noise of the squealing pigs.

Mr. Seabury and Teacher Wang watched eagerly as we opened the door of our house. For weeks Mr. Seabury had been busy replacing the rattling paper windows with shining glass panes, putting wooden floors down over the beaten earth, and making other radical changes.

We were not prepared for the greatest surprise that was waiting for us. When we opened another door, my own little desk from home greeted me, and looking down at us from bookcases lining the walls, our own dear familiar books were waiting to welcome us.

Teacher Wang was surprised when Mr. Seabury asked us to go up to the second floor to see our bedroom.

"The second floor!" he repeated, "why we Chinese don't sleep on the upper floor for fear of getting in the way of the Feng Shui, the magic Wind and Water spirits. If you have a pagoda nearby, it might be safe, but otherwise you take a chance of offending them and of bringing disaster on the family."

We climbed the little winding stairs and cautiously opened the door. It was hard to think of conniving, malicious spirits disturbing the peace of that dainty room, with its snowy curtains draped at the glass doors leading out to a little balcony. We may or may not have had a protecting pagoda nearby, but the room gave us a real promise of rest.

As darkness shrouded the great city, the restless streets grew quiet, and we felt a certain sense of peace and security in our isolated little cubicle, shut in behind our towering fire walls.

I had just dropped off to sleep, when an erie sound awakened me: the voice of a woman crying out in the darkness.

I stepped out on the balcony and saw her with her arms stretched out pleadingly, calling out into the darkness, *Dee Dee Lai, Dee Dee Lai*. In one hand she held a bamboo pole, to which a child's garment was fastened.

I knew I would never forget that haunting, plaintive call,

although I did not understand its meaning. I went back to bed, wondering, and eager to ask Teacher Wang what she was saying. The dawn was long in coming, for I kept repeating *Dee Dee Lai, Dee Dee Lai*.

The next morning Teacher Wang explained that the woman must have a child who was ill, and, like all Chinese mothers, she believed that the illness was caused by the wandering away of the child's spirit. She was calling, "Little One, come back, Little One, come back. Your clothes are ready for you! Come back!" hoping that the child's spirit would hear and return. Teacher Wang turned to Dr. Ed and said, "How long will we have to wait before she will be calling, 'Dr. Ed, come and heal my child! Dr. Ed, come and heal my child'?"

On this our first day at our "Destination Changsha," we had discovered the great world of spirits that dominated the lives of our neighbors over the wall; dictating the planning of their houses; hovering over them as they cooked their meals; even snatching away the souls of their children.

Their great Sage had taught them:

A thousand human schemes may be thwarted
by one scheme of Heaven.

They lived by his words and were content.

Everything is fated, and nothing depends
upon men.

THE KITCHEN GOD AND I

IN THE KITCHEN, the Kitchen God had always reigned supreme. The little bamboo shrine from where the God had watched everyone, was still hanging over the stove. He knew who had wasted water and who had spilled food. How we wished we had been here to see him depart for heaven to make his report at the time of the Chinese New Year! The family with their sins of the past year in mind, gave him a good send-off and provided every comfort for the journey. Before his picture was placed a paper sedan chair; his lips were smeared with honey, so that his words up yonder would be sweet; all the family bowed before the departing "honored guest"; and firecrackers popped to announce his departure. The household heaved a sigh of relief as they watched the family spy go heavenward in the flames. During his absence they could do as they pleased and relax from the strain of his all-seeing eye.

But now the Kitchen God had failed to return, his little shrine over the stove was empty, and I found myself the monarch of a kingdom whose laws I little understood, and whose subjects were an enigma to me.

I soon discovered how many hands it required to replace a washing machine, a vacuum cleaner, the hot and cold water from the taps, and even the electricity which I had so taken for granted in America.

To complicate the situation, Da Sz-fu, the cook, would only

buy supplies and cook; the table boy would serve the food, fill the kerosene lamps and dust, but he would not sweep or scrub the floors; the coolie would scrub the floors and sweep, but he would not carry water for the baby's bath. I was a monarch only in name, for, in my little kingdom, "custom" and "saving face" ruled supreme!

With my halting Chinese words, I tried to give the cook orders for the meals. One day, he was completely puzzled by my order for lunch, and, when I called in Teacher Wang, he told me that I had used the wrong tone on a certain word, and, instead of ordering shrimp, I had told him to serve blind men!

I also soon discovered the traditional system of *cumshaw*, or "squeeze," on the coal he burned; the cook naturally expected a *cumshaw* on his daily purchases; the houseboy got all the tips from guests; the coolie got a tip from the man who delivered gifts; and so, without the Kitchen God to prick their consciences, I conceded my defeat at once, and decided to bow to tradition.

I learned that one of the most important items on our budget was the contribution to the Robbers' Guild. These Guilds were powerful organizations, and an annual gift to the Chief of the Robbers guaranteed our safety from all thieving throughout the year. A unique Lost Property Insurance!

A month later, I had just gotten the household organized, when a sudden crisis developed.

The house had settled down for a quiet evening, when we were startled to hear the voice of Da Sz-fu, the cook, shouting above the din in the servants' quarters, where they had gathered around a charcoal brazier to smoke their water pipes and to exchange gossip about the day's happenings.

We decided to keep out of the dispute, but we sent for amah to find out from her what had been going on.

"Da Sz-fu," she said, "was saying that for many days, Lee, the cook from over the wall, had not been to the market to

buy vegetables for his family, and there was a rumor that he was smoking opium. 'What will happen to his wife, Wu nai-nai and the children,' he shouted, 'if all his money goes into opium?' "

Amah continued, "As he was talking, suddenly the door opened quietly, and Lee, the cook from over the wall, stumbled in, pale and haggard. The servants waited to see what Da Sz-fu would do. He glared at Lee in anger and disgust and said, 'You good-for-nothing rascal, for days you have not bought food for your family, and your wife has told the women at the village well that you are smoking opium. Spending your money on opium, while your children are hungry! Your family might be better off if you committed suicide—it would be little loss to them!' " he shouted.

This, amah explained, he had said to shame him into leading a better life.

"Lee made no reply," she continued, "but turned and sullenly left the room."

The next morning, amah came to my room very early to tell me what had happened.

"We were all sitting around in the servants' quarters, drinking our tea, when the gatekeeper rushed in.

" 'When I opened the gate at five o'clock,' he said, 'I found the body of Lee, the cook from over the wall, lying across the threshold. He had committed suicide with an over-dose of opium.' "

" 'Ai ya—ai ya,' we all groaned," went on amah, "Da Sz-fu trembled as he heard this news, for he knew he would be held responsible for Lee's death, because of what he had said to Lee the night before, and, worse than that, according to Chinese custom, he would therefore be permanently responsible for the support of Lee's family.

" 'A well calculated and costly revenge!' Da Sz-fu had muttered as he slipped quietly out of the room."

Amah later told us that on the following day the women at the well waited eagerly to see if Wu nai-nai would come to draw water, for there was a rumor that sounds of mourning had been heard at her door. When she did not appear, they set down their pails and made their way to Wu nai-nai's house.

"Yes, it is true, there are sounds of mourning," they whispered.

Wu nai-nai came to the door and asked them to come with her to her back room. She lifted the baby from her back and said,

"Yes, the rumor is quite true, my good-for-nothing man has not brought food for many days, and he has not slept in his bed for a whole week."

"Ai ya! Ai ya!" sighed the women.

"I sent Number One boy to his grandmother in the country," Wu nai-nai continued, "and Number Two girl was going to take care of the children, for I planned to hire myself out as a wet-nurse to get money for the children's rice, when the neighbors came to tell me that he had committed suicide.

"There is a rumor," she said, as she put the baby into the bed, "that Da Sz-fu, over the wall, made him lose face before the other servants, and that my good-for-nothing man was taking his revenge."

"Ai ya—Ai ya," groaned the women. "But, Wu nai-nai," they added to comfort her, "now Da Sz-fu will have to take over the care of your children, and they will have food every-day."

"Heaven is kind to the needy ones," Wu nai-nai muttered.

When Da Sz-fu came the next morning to get the orders for the day, he repeated the tragic story. As he finished, he clasped his hands and added in a pleading voice,

"Please, T'ai-T'ai, will you keep your lamps burning bright

through the night for a week or so? And may we in the servants' quarters have permission to do the same? Lee's spirit will be coming back to haunt me," he groaned.

For a week, the lamps within our walls did their best to drive away Lee's spirit.

Wu, the table boy, helped by getting up at midnight to refill the lamps to make sure that they would last through the night.

THE CITY WALL BECOMES OUR FRIEND

AFTER A FEW MONTHS, I discovered that the high walls surrounding our house, and which kept out fire and city noises, also kept out all sun from our court. Flowers soon wilted, and I became aware that some way must be found to get Teddy out into the sunshine. After many inquiries, the top of the great city wall seemed to offer a solution to the problem.

So we improvised a small, wicker sedan chair in the shape of an oval clothes basket, tied it to two carrying poles, and every day thereafter at four o'clock, he rode through the crowded city street leading to the Great South Gate, like a little prince with his two outriders—the outriders being none other than our guards from the sentry box at our gate.

As we made our way through the jostling crowd Teddy was quite unaware of the interest his fair skin and golden curls were creating. Farmers set down their loads to have a good look at him; street vendors forgot to call their wares, as they paused to try to touch his little white hand; shopkeepers left their customers and crowded to their doors for glimpses of him!

The little "prince" himself, absorbed in this new world of city sights and sounds, was entranced by the big fat pigs tied across the squeaking wheelbarrows, squealing when something scraped their noses in passing; or by the sight of the blind musician playing his tiny reed flute as he made his way through the crowd.

At the South Gate, there were great stone steps leading to

the top of the city wall. Each day as we climbed those steps, I thought, "This massive, forbidding wall, so dreaded when I was carried through the city gate on that first day of our arrival, has now become my ally and friend."

On the first day, when we reached the top of the wall, we were joined by a Chinese gentleman who was strolling alone carrying his bird cage. His name was Li, and, during our conversation, he told us that it was the custom of scholars to leave their books and go daily to commune with nature, while they gave their birds an outing.

He was surprised when I told him that three automobiles could drive abreast on this great city wall.

We looked off to the wooded mountain across the river. "That," he explained, "is the mountain of the three religions. It has a Confucian temple at the base, a Taoist temple on the half-way slope, and a Buddhist temple at the top. Our temples are always located in groves of trees."

This mountain rose up in striking contrast to the long, flat rice fields which stretched around us as far as the eye could see—a checker-board of vivid green, bordered by narrow, raised earthen paths.

We were surprised to find so many men and boys on the wall, until Mr. Li remarked, "You have chosen a very special day for your first trip to the wall. This is the ninth day of the ninth month, the day of the great Kite Festival. Look away in every direction, you will see that from every hilltop, every rooftop, from hamlets in the center of rice fields, groups of men and boys are flying kites."

It was true: the sky was alive with kites in the shapes of butterflies, birds, bats, and fish, and some were dragons, so made that the wind rolled their eyes and moved their paws, as it fluttered the wings of the birds and butterflies. The most fantastic were the enormous, jointed centipede kites that

slithered along in graceful curves, as the men tugged at their strings. Mr. Li told us that it took four men to get these centipede kites into the air.

Mr. Li noticed that I was puzzled by the eerie sounds all about. He explained that it was the moaning of the tiny aeolian harps attached to many of the kites.

"The custom goes back to a famous legend," he said. "At the time of the Han Dynasty, a general was trying to get back the throne for his Emperor, who had been dethroned by a wicked rival. After fighting for many days, and finding his army caught in a trap, he conceived, as a last desperate ruse, the idea of frightening the enemy with kites fitted with metallic strings. He waited for a favorable wind, and sent them up in the dead of night, as the opposing army slept in their camps. They were wakened by a strange burring sound and one said to another, 'It seems to say, *Beware of Han! Beware of Han!* This must be the voice of our guardian angel, warning us of danger. Let us flee!'

"They fled in confusion and the general was able to reinstate his Emperor on the throne."

As we strolled along the wall, I told Mr. Li of Dr. Ed's plan to build a hospital to serve the people of Changsha, and, eventually, to train her native sons in a modern medical school.

"In that case," he said, "you will be interested in our 'Red-haired General.'" He pointed to an old iron cannon.

"You will see there are several women kneeling there just ahead." As we came near, we noticed that the cannon had a huge dent in the muzzle, where a fragment had been shot away. The cannon was covered by a mat shed; incense and lighted candles surrounded it and the mat shed was hung with scrolls, which, Mr. Li explained, carried messages of thanks from grateful people.

Mr. Li went on to tell us its story. "Many years ago the



DR. ED AND THE
HOSPITAL CONTRACTOR



THE HSIANGYA HOSPITAL



LITTLE BASKET BOY



JOY HOUSE—A SYMBOL OF AMERICA IN CHINA

powerful army of Taiping Rebels stationed two regiments outside the city wall and laid siege to the city for eighty days. Twice they burrowed underground and exploded huge mines under the city wall. The citizens rushed to fill the breaches in the wall. Squads of men hurried to the coffin shops which were always stacked with heavy wooden coffins. They carried hundreds of coffins to the south wall and filled up the breach.

"The next day the attacking division charged in a great mass below the wall, but the Hunan troops were ready for them. Just as the enemy came within range, they fired this cannon. That single shot killed the attacking general, his troops fled, and the city was saved.

"The cannon was named the Red-haired General after an earlier Dutch invader whom the Chinese called 'the Red-haired one.' It was venerated by the citizens of Changsha, not only because of his [the cannon's] accuracy, but because he sacrificed a part of himself when the shot was fired. The spirit within him was willing to give a part of its body to save the city.

"The women believe that if the spirit was strong enough to save the city, it must be strong enough to save the lives of sick children. They come in crowds to ask his aid."

By this time the sun was setting. We bade Mr. Li good-bye and retraced our way down the great stone steps and through the busy streets.

The farmers were hurrying to get through the South Gate before it was closed at sundown; each shopkeeper was putting up the board fronts to his shop, and, when the last board was slid into place and locked, he stood in the doorway for a moment of silence, then clasped his hands and looked up to thank the good spirits for their care through the day.

When we reached home and told Dr. Ed of our experiences on the wall, he said, "You have discovered in the 'Red-haired General' one of my professional rivals, a pediatrician whom the city mothers have trusted for over a century."

MAIN STREET—CHANGSHA

MAIN STREET—CHANGSHA makes its way from the Great North Gate, by devious curves, to the Great South Gate of Changsha (the capital of Hunan Province). At the end of occasional blind alleys that branch off Main Street, are set up great slabs of stone, brought from the sacred mountain, *T'ai Shan*, with the inscription "I am a *T'ai Shan* stone. I dare to resist." These stones are necessary to withstand the spirits that scamper up and down the streets.

In the early years of the twentieth century, Main Street throbbed like a great artery reflecting the pulse of China's upheavals. For Hunan was poised midway between the rival Empress Dowager on the throne in Peking and the "Fire-eating" revolutionary Sun Yat Sen in Canton, and was constantly torn between contending War Lords of the north and War Lords of the south. A volcanic capital where fighting seemed to have become epidemic!

And yet the memory of our years of living on that Main Street has little of horror. Fighting, at that time, was of its own peculiar variety, where soldiers carried umbrellas in the rain and fans if the sun were hot. The general currently in command of the city sometimes preferred to slip out of one

of the city gates as the approaching attacking army got uncomfortably near, and would leave the city hung with welcoming flags and banners for the incoming general. "It is easier to welcome him than to turn the city into a shambles," he argued.

News of one of these encounters reached the American press, touched up with gory details as it built itself into the headlines. A cabled message of sympathy from the Yale trustees in New Haven inquired about our safety. Our reply surprised the trustees.

"News correct, but work progressing without interruption."

None of the attacking generals brought along medical supplies, and Dr. Ed was frequently called to the *Yamen*, the Governor's mansion, and found himself caught in the whirlpool of political change.

Main Street—Changsha was little disturbed by this sword-rattling and by the marching of soldiers down its cobbled lengths. The city went under martial law from time to time; the Great North and South Gates would be closed during the disturbance; the shops would be boarded up; and the people kept off the streets.

But, as soon as the new victorious general had taken over, they swung open the gates; the waiting farmers trundled their wheelbarrows into the city to the market place; bargaining began in the shops; the old astrologer set up his little table, hung up his map of the constellations on its old rusty hook, and opened up his tattered book of wisdom. He filled his water pipe, adjusted his heavy horn-rimmed spectacles, and calmly waited for business.

Did his client want to know the lucky day to break ground for a new house? Or, was an anxious son waiting to find the date on which to bury his father? The importance of the part played by the astrologer could best be read in the eager eyes

of the young girl, standing by his table, while he read her horoscope to determine the lucky day for her marriage.

As the business of the city began again, it took several men to slide back the doors of the great silk shops. These shops were to Main Street as "Liberty's" is to London and "Saks-Fifth Avenue" is to New York, except that they had an air of leisure, with great potted chrysanthemums and fragrant bowls of narcissus and plum blossoms all about. The proprietor, dressed in his long silk gown, met the customer and invited him to taste a cup of jasmine tea, apparently indifferent to the clerks who were tossing great bolts of the most ravishing brocades over the display racks to tempt the buyer.

In striking contrast to the serenity of the silk shops, came the pounding of the rice shops next door, where men, stripped to the waist, threw the weight of their bodies first on the right foot, then on the left to lift the great stone mallet to pound the husks from the rice.

The noisy bargaining in the smaller shops and the market place might be the opening of the New York Stock Exchange, for, in all business, the ancient proverb held that,

Bargaining is as necessary to trade
as poling to a vessel.

The merchant weighs the things selected, but quite likely the customer will bring out his own scales to make sure he is not being cheated. If the scales do not agree, the customer will put the articles back and prepare to leave. He has no intention of doing so, but this is the way to drive a good bargain. He calls on by-standers to witness that he is given fair weight. He and the merchant finally agree and the customer leaves contented.

There were the silversmiths and coppersmiths and goldsmiths beating out the most intricate designs, and always the occasional Temple beckoning the busy crowd to its quiet

courts, where many turned from the bustle of the market place to light a candle and offer a prayer.

Main Street—Changsha was also a Pilgrims' Way, leading to *Nan Yo*, the great sacred mountain, where healing waits in the Temple for those with courage to make the tortuous journey. Many of the sick went for healing; others journeyed to pray for loved ones too ill to go themselves. Far the greater number were women, asking for a son. They knelt on small cushions every few steps along the way, to bow and pray.

To those of us who lived on Main Street the chanting of the pilgrims, day after day, day after day, came to be an appealing, plaintive cadence reaching our ears over the wall of our compound, during the pilgrim season.

A greatly loved legend in Chinese lore is that of Mo lan and her phantom pilgrimage for her father.

Mo lan had watched by her father's bedside as the spark of life seemed to be ebbing away. All herbs had lost their power. Only one hope for his recovery remained.

"If I could make a pilgrimage to the sacred mountain, the gods would hear my prayer. I would prostrate myself at each step of the way to ask that my father be cured," she promised.

"But I cannot leave him alone, and, too, I know that only those who reach the Temple first and who offer the first prayers are the ones likely to be answered."

She heard the chanting of the pilgrims passing her house and she knew there would be little chance for her among so many.

The amah came to tell her that her father was sleeping, so she went out into the garden to be alone.

As she sat beside a quiet pool, a strange stillness enfolded her, and a gentle breeze seemed to be whispering some message.

"Yes," she mused, "that is the answer! I will find the measure of the distance to the Temple of the Great Awakening, and everyday I will pace a certain number of steps in my garden until I cover the length of the distance, and my pilgrimage will end. The gods may understand."

"How far is it to *Nan Yo*?" she asked a neighbor.

"More than a hundred li."

"And how much is a hundred li?" she asked.

"Ninety thousand paces," she was told. And so, back and forth, back and forth Mo lan paced off each day's measured distance, prostrating herself at every few steps. When unable to move from fatigue, she knelt and faced the mountain, calling out,

"Excuse me for not visiting your Temple. I am only a girl," and then her strength would return.

The chanting of the other pilgrims passing in front of her house grew fainter and fainter as they made their way out of the city and Mo lan knew they would soon be beginning the ascent of the mountain. How she longed to be with them!

She followed them in her thought—the road twisted and curved ever steeper and wilder as they climbed the highest peaks. She knew they would stop occasionally for a sip of tea at a wayside teahouse.

The legend goes on to tell that as the pilgrims faced the final flight of steps, they summoned their last ounce of strength, each one hoping to be the first to reach the Temple, for they knew that the one first to reach the idol and offer the first prayer would be sure of healing.

A great stillness held the pilgrims spellbound as they reached the great Temple door.

The door swung slowly open, and, to their amazement they saw an incense stick already smouldering in the burner and the shadowy form of a girl lying prostrate before the altar!

There was no one to tell them that it was the spirit of Mo

lan, who had sent her soul to pray, whose pilgrimage back and forth along the garden path for the love of her father had been accepted by the gods, and had brought her first to the Temple.

Mo lan, at home, knew that she had reached the end of her pilgrimage, because strength returned to her father, and her heart was filled with joy and gratitude. As she knelt at her father's bedside she told him the story of her phantom pilgrimage and of the answer to her prayers. Her father laid his hand gently on her head and said quietly:

“Filial piety moves Heaven and Earth.”

THE CENTRAL INN

WE SOON DISCOVERED that the Chinese seemed to possess a mysterious sixth sense. They revealed an uncanny power to penetrate one's innermost secret thoughts: a problem which had been but a passing thought the night before in our minds, might be brought up casually by Da Sz-fu, the cook, the next morning when he came for his orders for the day; or Li Sz Fu, the table boy, would anticipate a suggestion that I was hesitating to make for fear of his possibly "losing face."

It was no great surprise therefore, one evening, when a caller, Mr. Lo, was announced. It was after dark and we wondered what secret mission had brought him at that hour of the night. We drank tea together and discussed the weather and its bearing on the crops, the height of the river, and other casual topics.

Suddenly Mr. Lo asked, looking about first to see that no servants were near, "Is it true that you want to rent property to use for a hospital?"

How did this man know what had been in our minds? During the months since our arrival in Changsha, Dr. Ed had had no facilities for seeing patients. Knowing the strong opposition to letting any property fall into the hands of foreigners, he had guarded as a great secret his urgent desire for a place to open a dispensary.

"I would like to have you see the Central Inn on West Archway Street," Mr. Lo continued. This was said in a whisper. He reminded us that all negotiations would have to be done in

great privacy. "There are sheds behind the Inn where pigs are fattened for the market, but these could be removed."

On Mr. Lo's second visit, Dr. Ed decided to rent the place. It was his first experience in bargaining: trying to agree on who would be responsible for repairs; who would get the deeds stamped at the registry office; whether the rental was to be paid in silver dollars or "commercial" dollars.

It took several weeks to clear out the pigs and get the old Inn into shape for use as a dispensary, but no professional hospital designer in America ever had a more thrilling task than Dr. Ed had in fitting modern medical services within those four ancient walls. There was a waiting room, a pharmacy, and a small laboratory; there was a little whitewashed office for the doctor, with a corner where the "orderly," T'ou Sz Fu, might sleep.

There seemed to be no need for allocating space for an operating room at once, for our Chinese friends had advised us not to attempt major surgery until the people knew us better. "After a year or two, not sooner," they advised. "You must remember that no surgical operation has ever been done in the province of Hunan, since cutting the body is against our cultural tradition."

The hospital staff in the Central Inn was even less pretentious than the building. There was Li Sz Fu, the gateman, who would be on duty all the time to register patients, to keep out trouble-makers, and to inspect bundles coming in and going out. The rest of the staff consisted of Dr. Ed and T'ou Sz Fu. T'ou Sz Fu had been a water-carrier. He was broad-shouldered and muscular, but little else. Even sweeping the floor was a task practically beyond his powers!

Finally, by the middle of November, 1906, we were ready to put up over the gate a big black lacquered sign, seven feet long by three and a half feet wide, with four gold characters painted on it: *Yali I Yüan*—Yale Court of Medicine.

We were sure that the founders of Johns Hopkins could not have been more elated when they opened the great hospital in Baltimore in 1889 than was Dr. Ed when his Yali I Yüan opened its doors on West Archway Street in the heart of China.

After two years in the Central Inn, a Chinese physician, Dr. Hou, joined the staff, and the team of three men, Dr. Ed, Dr. Hou, and T'ou Sz Fu, set themselves the gigantic task of breaking down the wall of prejudice against this new way in medicine.

A story of ceaseless, patient, and at times heart-breaking endeavor was written into the years that followed. It was a story of daring adventure—an adventure building up to a glorious climax.

This climax came when the paths through the paddy fields, leading in from the surrounding villages, became filled with people making their way to the Central Inn; when the hostile shopkeepers on West Archway Street accepted Dr. Ed as a trusted neighbor and friend; and when, at last, the Yali I Yüan came to be a bridge of understanding between East and West.

THE GREAT FAMILIES BECOME FRIENDS

AS THE MONTHS WENT BY, Dr. Ed won the friendship of many of the great families of Changsha, and we enjoyed our visits to their mansions, hidden away behind towering walls. The courtyards were lined with rare varieties of chrysanthemums and were fragrant with jasmine. We were received in the gracious reception halls with stately black chairs and tables flanking the walls. On these walls hung paintings of the old masters, done on silken scrolls in the style of the Sung Dynasty.

There was Mr. Li, the famous art connoisseur, who invited us to see his scrolls. When he took us into his gallery, we were surprised to find a room completely bare, save for a large chest, a long table the length of the room, and a few chairs.

Mr. Li talked for a few minutes about the artists and their approach to art: then he moved slowly to the great chest, and took out one scroll and spread it on the table. As he unrolled it he explained that it was their custom to view only one painting at a time, for only so could one enter into the spirit and the concept of the artist. We lived in an atmosphere of rare beauty as he interpreted the scrolls one by one.

At the home of Mr. Nieh, the former Governor of the province, one of the sons took me for a walk in the garden, while Dr. Ed and Mr. Nieh drank tea and discussed the political affairs of Hunan.

As we stepped into the garden, I felt as if one needed a pair of Alice-in-Wonderland spectacles to understand what

was before us, for, although it compassed only a few square rods, it had been so designed that, what was formerly a small flat plot, seemed to cover many miles, with mountains and streams crossed by lovely bridges. There were lakes and rock caves, and winding paths between the peony terraces.

Mr. Nieh paused to look at the peonies. "There are thirty-nine kinds of peonies of the Yang Principle, which is so important in our philosophy, and so it is regarded as the king of flowers," he explained.

Occasionally, there was a sharp turn in the path, which added to the illusion of large vistas awaiting us around each corner. We made our way over bright mosaics in the stone walks, which led us to dainty pavilions, so placed as to give entirely different views—here a waterfall, there a peaceful contemplative scene, to cater to the mood of the viewer.

"The idea of a garden," Mr. Nieh explained, "is to represent as closely as possible the scenes dear to the heart of the owner." He also pointed out the "Dragon walls." "These give the effect that the garden is running uphill and downdale. You will notice the paintings on the walls. They were all done by distinguished artists."

The gateway by which we entered the garden was made in the shape of a beautiful vase, and, when we left, we stepped through a daintily carved fan gate.

As we made our way back to the house along the path lined with many-colored chrysanthemums, Mr. Nieh said, "Our chrysanthemums have many names. The small yellow ones we call, 'Heaven full of Stars'; then there are 'Carrot-Threads.' The large jagged mauve ones are called 'Drunk with wine made from Peaches of the Immortals.' Then there are 'Jade Saucers,' 'Golden Cup,' 'Pine Needles,' and 'Dragon's Beard.' "

Mr. Nieh was eager to show me the great Ancestral Hall. This was the most beautiful building and the center of the family's interest. Elaborate painted portraits of the ancestors

hung above the altar, where incense sticks were burning. "Being the youngest in the family," he said, "I am appointed as secretary to keep the family records up to date." "How far back do those records go?" I asked him. "We have complete records for twenty-eight generations, and, as you probably know, we venerate our ancestors as part of that unbroken line."

"All life is one," he added.

Dr. Ed little realized what a unique experience lay ahead when he was summoned to the home of Mr. Liang, the provincial treasurer. The eldest son came to escort him. He spoke quite frankly:

"My father has been ill for a long time, and I have tried to get my family to let me bring you to prescribe for him, but until today they thought that Dr. Wang, the most distinguished physician in Changsha, understood his case."

Frequently on previous medical calls, Dr. Ed's sedan chair had been on the way out from an official residence, only to run into another sedan chair on its way in, carrying some well-known Chinese doctor as the next consultant on the case.

He thought that, in this case, this usual routine would be followed, but, instead, at the door of the palatial home the two sedan chairs entered the court together, Dr. Wang's and Dr. Ed's. Together they were shown into the reception room, and the servant seated them side by side on the carved wooden settee at the head of the room. Steaming cups of fragrant jasmine tea were brought in and they were served simultaneously.

Presently the two sons of the patient came in, and each sat on either side of the reception hall.

"Our father is very ill," the older son said, "and we have persuaded our mother to let us invite both of you together, so that we may have the benefit of a consultation between two systems of medicine. This is the first time in our home that

two such eminent doctors have been invited to see a case together."

Dr. Ed and Dr. Wang scarcely knew who was the more surprised, but they bowed their acceptance of the unprecedented proposal and followed the sons into the sickroom.

Partly because he was younger, but largely in order to give him a longer time to observe the patient and to study Dr. Wang's procedure, Dr. Ed bowed and asked Dr. Wang to examine the patient first.

It was a great experience to watch him. He sat on a chair at the left side of the patient's bed, facing him, and gazed long and searchingly at his head, face, and neck. Up to this time Dr. Wang had not put his hands on the patient; now he bent over, listening for every possible sound.

Then he began his questions. How long had the patient been ill? Had he been exposed to great dampness or cold? Had there been any family conflict before the onset of the illness?

Dr. Ed thought how truly the Chinese had discovered psychosomatic medicine ages before our modern scientists.

After a few further inquiries, Dr. Wang came close to the bed. He moved with great precision and solemnity. The servant placed a pile of books on the table and he laid the patient's left wrist gently on the books and felt the pulse long and thoughtfully. Then the right wrist. He looked at his tongue, his eyes.

After Dr. Ed had taken his turn in examining the patient, he asked Dr. Wang for his diagnosis. He answered at great length, giving a learned discourse on the three pulses on the left wrist, and the three pulses on the right wrist. He was convinced that the patient had a serious disease of the kidneys. Dr. Ed agreed that this seemed to be the case, but added that he would reserve final judgment until certain laboratory tests had been made.

Dr. Wang had drunk deeply at the springs of Chinese medi-

cine, but had never made a chemical or microscopic test in a laboratory, yet his verdict was given with assurance.

As they walked out to the front together, Dr. Ed said, "Dr. Wang you must do our hospital the honor of an early visit to its wards and laboratories. I feel sure you will be interested to see under the microscope a section showing kidney disease."

"Thank you for your kind suggestion," Dr. Wang replied, "it would be most interesting, but I fear I could not understand it all. I hope your students will not forget the names and teachings of our own great early practitioners, in their enthusiasm over your great modern scientific medicine."

Dr. Ed took the hint and invited him to lecture on their teachings once each term. He promised to come, and they parted good friends.

During his years in China, Dr. Ed's absorbing interest had been the study of this ancient traditional Chinese medicine, and this friendship with Dr. Wang was just the opportunity he had been looking for to further his knowledge and appreciation of its basic philosophy and practice.

Many friendships grew up with these Chinese families through the years. Every now and then one of them, grateful for the recovery of a well-loved child, would present a splendid, black lacquered panel to the hospital, to be hung high on the wall of the main corridor, where admiring visitors could read it. Often in gold characters a foot high, the panel proclaimed the medical and surgical skill of the doctor. These tribute panels were usually carried to the hospital by a long procession, accompanied by a band and the sound of exploding firecrackers.

One was the gift of Dr. Chu, a member of our hospital Board of Directors who had become so appreciative of our surgeons that he compared them to the master surgeon of Chinese history. The panel read:

Shu Ch'ao Hua T'o
Skill excelling Hua T'o.

Another came from Colonel Chên, expressing gratitude for the recovery of his son who had been desperately ill with pneumonia. The characters read:

Hui Shêng
Life has returned.

Still another was the gift of the police commissioner. His panel read:

動
手
回
春

You move your hand
and spring returns.

But it was only while treating their children at the hospital, that Dr. Ed came to know the women of these families, for, during our visits to their homes, they stayed secluded in the women's quarters. To know them, was to discover how versed they were in the Chinese classics and the great medical treatises, as well as to understand their gifts as artists and poets.

There was Madame T'ao, who brought her daughter to the hospital, ill with typhoid fever. On the following day, she

handed Dr. Ed the first volume of the famous medical classic *A Treatise On Typhoid Fever* with which she was quite familiar. It had been written in A.D. 196 by Chang Chung-ching.

On another day, Madame Chang was brought to the hospital by her husband. Both were scholars, thoroughly versed in the medical classics. She entered the hospital for observation, and Mr. Chang asked Dr. Ed whether he could guarantee a cure.

"You know our custom with a new doctor," he explained. "We always try to insist that he *pao chên*—guarantee recovery."

One morning, Madame Chang suggested that she might be able to throw light on the diagnosis of her illness. She handed Dr. Ed a little pencil sketch which she had made. Above the pencil drawing were these words:

"My illness has four roots, one in the kidney, one in the groin, one in the lower vertebrae, and one in the intestines. Please determine which of these is the ultimate cause of my trouble. You are so busy during rounds, this little sketch may help you."

We were gratified to discover a growing confidence and desire to learn more of our ideas of child care and our way of life. They eagerly accepted an invitation to come to watch my baby's bath, the sterilizing of the milk, and to inspect the baby's wardrobe.

On one of these visits, they told me of many of their friends who were eager to learn our Western ways of child care.

This was the opening I had been looking for, as a way to know and help the women of the community, and to open vistas into their shut-in lives.

"How would you like to organize a club to meet at our home to study these things?" I asked them.

As they discussed my proposal, I looked over that group so exquisite in their lovely brocade gowns, with sprays of jas-

mine caught in their hair "to bring happiness and luck"; their dainty tiny bound feet and embroidered slippers, swinging just above the floor line! "Where in the wide world," I asked myself, "could be found a more picturesque group of prospective club women!"

After a lively discussion, they decided to give their approval to my suggestion, and that decision was the beginning of "The Social Service League," which grew into a powerful, woman's organization in the city of Changsha.

Clubs and committees were a completely new idea to these women, whose lives had been limited to the sheltered walls of the women's court, but I knew they had great capacity for leadership. My friend Madame Chu, for example was not only a distinguished poet and painter, but she controlled the management of the family property. No one could cheat her regarding the number of bushels of rice yielded by their fields out in the western villages.

And so we decided to turn over the entire leadership of the club to them.

Our first meeting was on child care and we invited one of the hospital nurses to bring the doll which she used in teaching student nurses, and to demonstrate the care of a newborn infant.

The size of the club doubled in membership that day as they brought their curious friends and neighbors. Fortunately, I had warned the cook to prepare a goodly supply of cookies and cakes for tea!

There followed meetings on vaccination and other public health subjects. But the study that moved them most deeply was that of tuberculosis. We had had a preliminary survey made of its prevalence in the city.

They were appalled at the rapid spread of the disease, due to overcrowded living quarters, and no facilities to isolate the patients. To us, to whom these facts were so familiar, it was

amazing to watch the impact on those who were hearing them for the first time. They refused to leave the meeting until plans had been launched to meet the situation. I was overwhelmed when they proposed the building of a tuberculosis sanitarium outside the city.

But this is precisely what they did!

A great public health exhibit was arriving in the city, put on by the Shanghai Y.M.C.A., to be set up in a large city building. It included many mechanical devices to demonstrate vividly the facts concerning public health. One was a model of a little man ill with tuberculosis, walking out of his house, and, after a few steps, dropping into a coffin!

The Social Service women were sure that thousands would see that exhibit, knowing how much the Chinese love a dramatic show, so they had a little model of their proposed tuberculosis sanitarium placed at the entrance door: and quite near was the little man, dropping into his coffin. Big signs asked for contributions.

Their venture was amply rewarded, for the little model had to be emptied frequently of its bulging contents of silver and paper money, and the total amount contributed made it possible to let the contract for the new building.

Dr. Ed solicited gifts from the government and friends and, before many months, the first tuberculosis sanitarium of the province was opened.

For the panel over the entrance, Dr. Ed chose a favorite Chinese proverb:

Better to save one man's life than to build
a seven-story pagoda.

DRAMA AT OUR GATE

LOW-LYING CLOUDS had darkened the narrow cobbled streets, hastening the coming of the night.

The shopkeepers began to board up their little shops, as they bickered over last-minute bargaining; rickshaw coolies quickened their pace, and the sedan chair bearers impatiently demanded room to pass, calling out in strident tones, "Lean a little! Lean a little!" The farmers, eager to get through the great iron city gates before they were closed and barred for the night, balanced their wheelbarrows with great skill, as they plowed their way through the jostling, noisy crowd.

In the confusion, no one had noticed the crouched form of a woman taking shelter in the recess of a small streetside shrine. Wu ma might have been a stone image, she was so still. Her eyes were fixed on a small object on the opposite side of the street.

As the noisy street swept by her, she went over in her mind the anxieties and despair that had forced her to make such a decision. "She seems to me the most precious of all my babies, but with my four children crying for food, I could not keep another mouth to feed," she thought. "I knew that Madame Loo in the great house so longed for a child that she had told the amah that she would be glad to have even a girl baby."

"Oh," she sighed, "If she will only take in my baby!" as her eyes rested on her old vegetable basket which cradled her infant.

She smiled as she recalled the surprise on the faces of the women at the river bank, washing their clothes on the rocks. They had never before seen anyone spend so much time scrubbing a *vegetable* basket!

As the noise and confusion of the street died down, she watched eagerly for the return of Madame Loo's cook from the market. "Surely he will see my baby lying at the great gate!"

The street darkened with the approaching storm, and distant thunder sent people scurrying for shelter.

One lone figure crept out of the shadows and made his way to Madame Loo's gate. He peered about to make sure that no one was in sight, then bent cautiously over the baby's basket, quickly snatched something and ran down the street.

Wu ma, who had been watching, could hardly repress an outcry. She dared not make a sound lest she be discovered by someone from the Loo household. Then, without a moment's warning, there was a great flash of lightning, and the roar of thunder seemed to roll down the narrow street like a great cannon ball!

Wu ma crept closer to the wall. "Ai ya! Ai ya! The Thunder god is out in fury tonight! I am glad that I put the baby well back under the overhanging eaves," she mused. It seemed as if the pounding of her heart might be heard above the noise of the storm.

"I cannot leave until I know the fate of my baby," she thought, as the rain drenched the street.

Suddenly the street crowds surged back like a great ebb tide. They were talking in excited tones of a man struck dead by lightning. A woman's shrill voice came to her above the din of the jostling crowd.

"Yes, when that lightning flashed, I knew that the eyes of the gods were looking for the most wicked man in the city. The gods never err! and I am glad they found him and struck

him down. Surely no one could be more wicked than a man who would steal the cash from the wrist of a foundling baby. Here he lies dead, with the baby's cash grasped in his hand!"

Wu ma clutched her throat to keep from crying out.

"The twenty cash that I had so carefully tied to her wrist, in the hand of a dead thief! Ai ya! Ai ya!" she groaned. "I only hope the little piece of cloth with the name of the star under which she was born was not torn away, otherwise she will never know the lucky day for her marriage!"

As she thus mused, the crowd melted away as fast as it had gathered. She was glad, for she could the better see the gate of Madame Loo.

A knock on the small door by the side of the great gates roused her, and she saw that the cook had returned and was bending over the cradle.

Wu ma sank deeper into the shadows as she heard him talking to the gateman.

"Will he take her in?" her mind kept repeating.

The cook set down his basket and slipped inside the small gate.

"He is going inside to ask the amah to tell Madame Loo about the baby left at her gate," she assured herself.

Wu ma fixed her eyes on the crack of the door, left open so that the gateman might watch the vegetables.

The talking had roused the baby, and she longed to rush over and hold her to her breast. Did time ever move so slowly! She dropped to her knees, for all strength had gone out of her. She bowed low and called on the Goddess of Mercy who hears the cry of her children.

Suddenly the great gates began to swing open, and Wu ma knew that Madame Loo had so ordered it. She was sure that, with such a welcome, Madame Loo herself was waiting inside to take the baby into her home and into her heart. The gates closed, and Wu ma started to make her way down the street,

when a heavy shower drove her back into the temple. She found a sheltered corner where she would be hidden from the noisy street.

The evening shadows crept through the temple courts, and in the distance, the chanting of the priest brought her great peace. But with the peace came a restless longing to see her baby again.

Suddenly, the thought came, like a whisper from some unseen presence—"Offer yourself as the baby's wet-nurse, then each day you will hold her close to your heart."

Without a moment's hesitation, she crossed the drenched street, and knocked at the small door, the one beside the great iron gates of Madame Loo's house.

The gateman came at once, thinking it was someone asking shelter from the rain. He led her into the gatehouse and offered her tea. Wu ma feared that her trembling hands or some careless word would reveal that she was the baby's mother.

"This secret must be carefully guarded," she thought, "otherwise there will be trouble with the other servants."

She told him that she happened to be in front of the house when the foundling was taken in, and that she had come to offer herself as the baby's wet-nurse.

The gateman took note of her sturdy body and her full breasts, and he promised to give her message to the amah, whose responsibility it was to secure the wet-nurse.

She never quite knew how it all happened, but, the following day, she heard the great iron gates of Madame Loo's house close behind her, and her baby was in her arms.

As the babe nursed at her breast, she held her close and whispered, "Our Father in Heaven does not starve even a blind sparrow."

THE END OF A BUSY DAY

IT HAD BEEN a long, busy day. Dr. Hou had left the hospital after a final word about poor Lee Tai Tai in the last bed, over against the wall. The evening shadows were wrapping the wards about in rest and peace; only a flickering taper burned on the desk of the night nurse.

Dr. Ed decided to take advantage of this quiet moment to look over the records of the day's cases which nurse Li had left on his desk.

As he thumbed through the pile of charts, he thought back to those early days when fear had barred the door to so many. There were the mothers, hesitant because they had heard the prevailing rumor that the medicine used by the foreign doctors would cure because it was made from the eyes of Chinese children. Men had been afraid to enter a place where the doctors and nurses were dressed in white, their Chinese symbol of mourning. They had also heard from their neighbors that the doctor would put a man to sleep and *Kai Dao*—open the knife and cut men's bodies.

Dr. Ed was grateful that within so short a time, these haunting fears had given way to such confidence, that long lines waited for the dispensary doors to open.

Dr. Hou told him that many of the patients had been brought by overnight treks in sedan chairs and rickshaws and wheelbarrows. They came from distant villages, for news had spread that the kindly foreign doctor could speak in their own language, and that he would heal all their diseases.

"How can I live up to such a reputation," Dr. Ed thought.

He smiled as he scanned the last report on the top of the pile. It was that of "Mr. Wu," the assumed name of Governor Tang! The Governor had waited until the end of the day when the crowd would have dispersed. The knock on the gate had admitted a country sedan chair, from which stepped a tall man dressed in the customary plain blue gown of a farmer.

Governor Tang was in disguise in order to avoid the possibility of his being recognized. He was eager to see this Western hospital, of which he had heard so often, but he also wanted to consult the American doctor secretly about a pain which his Chinese physician had failed to cure.

"That was a brave gesture on his part," Dr. Ed thought to himself. "We will hope it will be the beginning of a lasting friendship. Some day I must tell him the story of his counterpart, Nicodemus, who also waited for the cover of darkness to come to the Great Teacher."

"Ah! Here is the chart of the Little Basket Boy." Would he ever forget the picture of the little face peering over the edge of a rice basket as the carrier had set down his load at the door of the hospital, or the mother's story of her anxiety to save this, the only one left of her six children! She had taken the baby to the City Temple, and the priest had told her that, just as the big rice basket sheltered the grains of rice, so would the basket keep her little son's life safe. "Use the basket as the child's crib," the priest had advised, and so they had named him Little Basket Boy. Dr. Ed was haunted by the memory of the anguish on the face of the mother when she was told that the boy would have to be left at the hospital, because of a serious heart murmur, but then he recalled the boy's delight in the children's ward, as the nurse tucked him in bed, with a new toy clutched in his arms.

Another chart reminded him of the man who had lurked furtively in each ward, as Dr. Hou and he made rounds. Dr. Hou had explained that he was not a thief, but a simple country man from a distant village, spying on Dr. Ed in order to be convinced that it would be safe for him to trust himself to the doctor for a much-needed operation. "How thankful I am that the operation was successful," the doctor thought; "and that we were able to grant his somewhat unusual request to allow him to take the tumor home with him in a glass jar to display in the village."

"Oh, here is the hare-lip case," he mused. He recalled the day, when we were out for a family stroll through the rice fields, about six months before, and met the man with a hare lip.

"Wouldn't you like to have that lip repaired?" he had asked him, knowing that a hare lip is considered a disgrace in Chinese lore.

That day we had little foreseen that, when the man returned to his village after the operation, the story would spread from village to village, and that we would have an epidemic of hare lips!

Dr. Ed had been so engrossed in his charts that he was not aware that his oil lamp had burned low, and that he had been reading by a shaft of moonlight that was reflected from the whitewashed walls.

Before starting for home, he picked up the mail that had been lying unopened all day on his desk.

One letter particularly interested him. The heavy square envelope was postmarked New York City. He couldn't wait even to get home to open it, so he turned the wick of the light higher to try to coax it to last out a few moments longer. It read,

386 Park Ave.
New York

Dear Hume,

A few of our Johns Hopkins classmates had dinner together last night at the University Club, and, as we chatted before the fire after dinner, we wondered what life was doing to you, away off there in China. There isn't much to tell of our medical experiences here, I am sorry to say.

I am writing in my beautifully appointed office at the above address. It is the last word in elaborate decor, and you would be interested to see my name on the sign outside. The only trouble is that my name on the sign is the bottom one on a list of ten other doctors in this building, all the names on the sign looking out pleadingly to the passers-by, trying to lure them into our offices; and, what is more, every block up Park Avenue has a similar series of doctors' signs. Yes, you guessed it, the only thing lacking in my office is *patients!*

I am sure in your "leisurely East" you have many idle moments, so we will hope to hear from you soon.

Cordially yours,

LEN JOHNSTON

"Leisurely East! Idle moments!" Dr. Ed repeated. He folded the letter and slipped it back into its square envelope. He filed away the case records of the day. As he did so, his eye caught a recent note which had come to him from Dr. Welch the day before. He turned up the lamp, coaxing it again for a few more rays. The letter began:

Dear Hume,

You have a larger opportunity for service and for gaining real mental, moral and spiritual satisfactions of life than most of the doctors in America.

Then he continued:

I am taking this urgent message to the men at Johns Hopkins. Why do so many eke out their lives amidst unsatisfactory environments and meager opportunities that come to most of them here in America.

'If you men,' I will tell them, 'have intellectual curiosity, something of the spirit of adventure, desire to advance medical knowledge, desire for beneficent service, where can any opportunity make a stronger appeal than in China, especially in the development of modern medical science and practice in China.'

You, Hume, must feel the enthusiasm and inspiration of this opportunity and be eager to be provided with the staff and the equipment to meet the opportunity you see before you.

Dr. Ed smiled as he put the letter back in the desk drawer.

The light had finally flickered out. Was it in a dream that he saw that new hospital rising; the perfectly equipped operating room; the medical school that the Yale Trustees had promised him?

As he went out of the front door, the moonlight shone on the four gold-lacquered Chinese characters over the door "Yale Court of Medicine."

The street was deserted and he stood for a moment looking up at those shining characters. He thought of the eager crowds that gathered daily to try to decipher the strange sign, *Yali I Yüan*, and he thought of those to whom they had meant new life and hope.

He wondered how he could possibly convey to Len Johnston the thrill of trying to bring to China's age-old medicine the teachings of Welch and Osler and Kelly and Halsted.

Would Len believe it if he told him that the life of a pioneer was a daily thrilling adventure?

He had sent the chair bearers away, and, as he walked through the quiet streets, he tried to outline the reply that he would send to Len and his Johns Hopkins classmates in the morning.

勝 救
造 人
七 一
級 命
浮
屠

· Better to save one man's life
Than to build a seven-story pagoda.

YALE COURT OF MEDICINE

WITH THE OPENING of the School of Nursing and the increased work of the hospital, we were growing so rapidly that the Central Inn would no longer house us. There was urgent need of a new building.

Dr. Ed got out the fateful letter from Mr. Beach, and reread it.

"Yes," he reassured himself, "it reads: 'Come to China. Here is a field of work, as I see it, where you are destined to work . . . with every chance for the hospital your heart is set on, and for the medical school you want to establish.'"

It was time for our furlough. The years had been crowded with daring adventure. The little hospital on West Archway Street had won for itself many grateful patients, and it had conquered fear and prejudice.

As Dr. Ed made preparations to leave, he decided to take with him samples of all the building materials which would be used in a new building: the various woods available in Hunan, bricks, stone, lime, and cement, for his farsighted optimism saw the hospital of his heart's desire emerging as a result of his furlough.

After a few weeks in America, he was invited by his good Yale classmate, Mr. Edward Harkness, to visit him at his summer home. They had been friends ever since the day, years before, when they had both arrived at Yale to take the entrance examinations.

Out under the elms near old Alumni Hall, Clarence Walworth came across the campus and called to Ed Hume to ask him what they were going to have in the Greek entrance examination that morning. There were still fifteen minutes before the nine o'clock bell would ring from the tower of Battell Chapel, to call them in to the paper on the first six books of Homer's *Iliad*.

Within a few minutes four or five stood there together, poring over a copy of the *Iliad*. Ned Harkness was in the group.

Clarence Walworth repeated, "You are a great Greek scholar, Ed Hume, tell us what we are going to have in the exam." Without a moment's hesitation he read and explained one of the difficult passages.

To their surprise, that was the first assignment in the examination, and Ned Harkness always felt that Ed Hume had helped him to get into Yale.

As they sat, eighteen years later, on the porch of Ned Harkness' New England home, they talked over the whole medical program at Changsha.

Mr. Harkness, in the midst of his busy life as one of America's leading men of wealth, had followed the fascinating story of the little hospital and the revolutionary history it had already written of the introduction of scientific medicine into that ancient country.

"I am sure you need an adequate hospital as the next step toward building up the medical school which you hope to establish," Mr. Harkness said.

With his usual foresight, Dr. Ed had in his pocket an estimated cost, and an initial sketch of his dream hospital.

From then on, as if by magic, specifications grew into great rolls of blueprints: and plans for a four-hundred bed, reinforced concrete building became a potential reality.

"Of course, a hospital, without beds or equipment will be of no use, so I will see that it is completely furnished. It will continue to be of great interest to me." Then he added, "My hope will be that it will become the center of medical education, for my concern is not for medical practice only.

"Your great interest in the ancient Chinese medicine will make it a center that the people of Changsha will think of as their own, one which they will ultimately manage and support."

And so Mr. Harkness became a copartner in our great medical enterprise.

Our return to China after furlough plunged us into the most exciting experiences.

With the assurance of a new hospital and the support of Mr. Harkness, Dr. Ed decided to open our medical school in rented buildings.

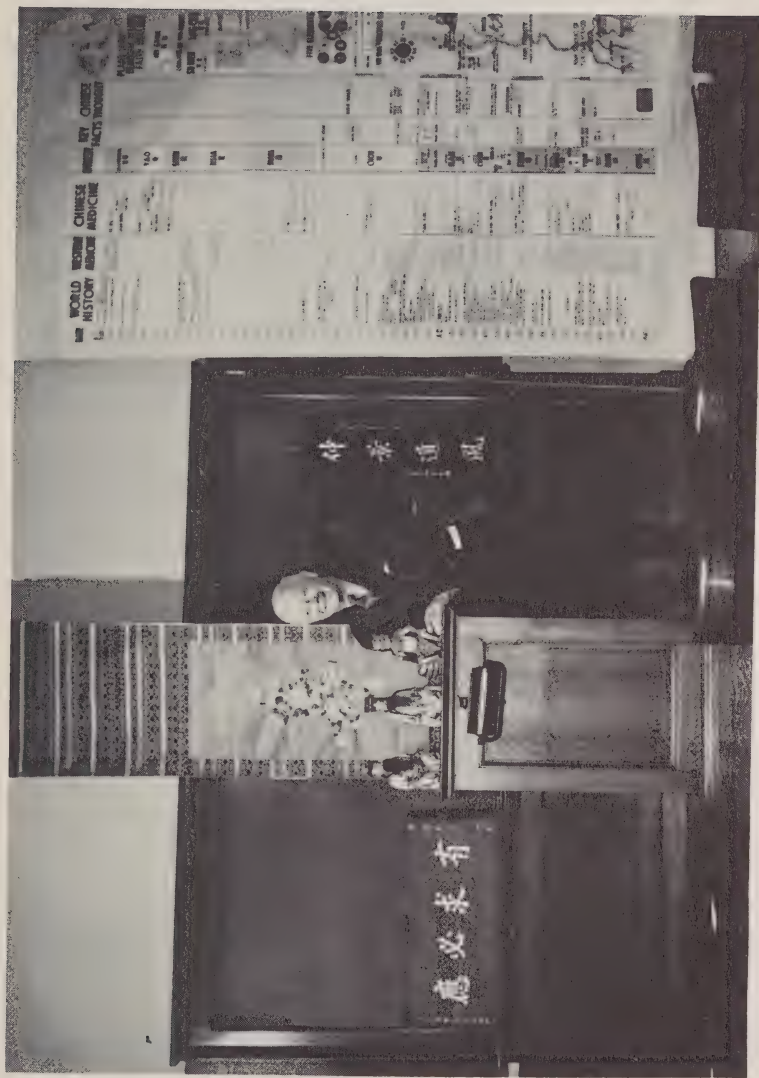
Mr. Lin consented to rent us his spacious residence to house hospital beds and teaching laboratories.

Far to the back, where the property touched the enclosure of the Shrine of Old Man Thunder, there was a lovely enclosed garden where moon gates and latticed windows opened onto pools and rocky ledges. Rare trees and beds of peonies and camellias made it into a fairyland. It was sheltered from the world outside by high surrounding walls. Strange neighbors for laboratories and anatomy classes!

At night we kept the skeletons under lock and key, for fear the old official might come prowling about on an inspection trip.

We advertised for students in the local papers in Shanghai, Canton, Peking, and Hankow. An amazing number of candidates appeared and we started classes with twenty students.

Typical of the stories of the early students in reaching the medical school was that of C. P. Li.



DR. ED DELIVERING A LECTURE ON "THE CHINESE WAY IN MEDICINE" AT JOHNS HOPKINS



THE DRAGON SCREEN TO
WARD OFF EVIL SPIRITS



LI SZ-FU, THE HOSPITAL
RICKSHAWMAN

Li lived in Sianghsiang, a village many miles from Changsha. The farms about the village had the simplest farm implements—only a wooden plough and a spiked drag, a stone roller, a hoe, and a bamboo rake. Seeds were sown by hand, carefully and cautiously, so that none might be wasted. But the farmer never complained. He knew that:

A thousand reckonings, ten thousand reckonings, are not equal to heaven's one.

It was the ambition of every man in China, no matter how humble, to have a scholar born into his house. For though the nation's government officials were chosen from the ranks of the scholars, learning was loved also for its own sake.

And so, from childhood Li had studied the classics, and the family was sure that he was the one to bring honor to their household and to their village.

Li was a dreamer, always looking beyond the rice fields, and the daily routine of a farm boy, to distant horizons.

One day, their neighbor, Wu, came back to Sianghsiang after a visit to Changsha. As the village elders gathered to hear from him the news of their capital city, Wu thrilled them with tales of the great hospital and the medical school that the American doctors had opened to teach Chinese boys and girls the secrets of their medical magic.

A groan passed through the group when he said, "You will be surprised to hear that the doctors and nurses wear white gowns when they practice their magic."

"Don't they know that this is our color of mourning?" asked the elders.

"And there is a rumor that sometimes they cut with a knife to find out what is the matter with the patient."

Li had crept into the group and had listened intently.

As he made his way home across the rice fields a great longing possessed him to study that foreign medicine.

The family noticed that every evening he would wander off to walk alone, and so they were prepared when, at sundown a few days later as they gathered for the evening meal, he told them of his plan to go to Changsha.

The family knew that their wise men were right when they said:

Every man has his own mind
And every mind its own experience.

and they believed that,

Our destiny is fixed without the slightest
reference to our own will.

So they sent him on his journey with their blessing.

When Li reached Changsha, Dr. Ed advised him to begin the study of English at once and to join the School of Nursing as a preliminary to the study of medicine. Dr. Ed said he was sure that his wife would be glad to coach Li daily in English.

One day he was given an assignment to write an essay on, "Why do I want to study medicine?" His reply surprised us all. "There are so few medicines that really cure disease that I am going to be a research worker. I have often seen how helpless even you teachers from the West seem to be in serious cases. I am going to be an investigator."

It would have taken a prophet that day to foresee that in the future Li would be recognized as one of the outstanding research scientists in America, doing advanced work on polio vaccine.

He had caught the spirit of Welch and Osler, transmitted to him at Hsiangya by Dr. Ed.

Many of these first medical students overcame great difficulties in persuading their parents to let them undertake studies

that seemed to them a desecration of the human body, for respect for the dead body was one of the mandates handed down by their ancestors.

It was an exciting and strategic day when later on Dr. Ed and the anatomy teacher, Professor Lo, called the class together in an inner room far back from the street. Two servants brought a large trunk into the classroom and left it on the floor. It was stamped "Shanghai, laboratory material."

Dr. Ed bolted the door and drew the class around him; then, with the air of a conjurer about to perform some mysterious act, he unlocked the trunk. None of the class had ever seen a human cadaver before.

They helped Dr. Lo place it on the long table, and stood in hushed excitement as Dr. Ed said, "Gentlemen, today human dissection is to get under way in Hunan, and modern medical teaching is established."

OUTSIDE THE CITY WALL

WITH THE BUILDING of the new hospital, the time had come for us to leave the strange little house in which our family had lived for so many years. Each tiny courtyard had become familiar, even the hole in our back wall, that Great Peace Door through which we escaped on the night of the rice riots. The firewalls had shut out the noise and confusion of neighbors and city thoroughfares. Now we were going to live "outside the North Gate." It was not easy to leave the little house and our Chinese neighbors over the wall.

How silent the nights would be without the passing of the night watchman, beating out the watches of the night on his little curved bamboo! What if it were his subtle method of warning the prowling thief of his approach? The night was such an eerie time, with evil spirits roving about under cover of darkness!

Far into the night, when but few lights were left burning on the main street, we had listened to the tinkle-tinkle of the bell on the tiny traveling restaurant. Barred gateways and locked shop doors that seemed closed fast for the night would open gently when they heard the vendor approaching—just a snack for someone before bedtime. We learned the vendor's refrain as he sold his cakes:

They cure the deaf and heal the lame
Preserve the teeth of the aged dame!

Of one thing we were sure, no city wall would ever rob us of the memory of the plaintive notes of the blind musician's flute, with its message of sorrow and serenity.

Will we ever find streets in the great stretches "outside the City Wall" with names as fragrant and symbolic as:

The Lane of Daily Renewal
The Vale of Tenderness and Grace
The Road of Happy Congratulations
The Pool of the Lotus Flower?

Along these streets passed the men and women who were no longer strange beings out of the distance. They had become our neighbors, our friends, living together as fellow citizens, sharing the life of a great metropolis.

As our sedan chairs passed through the Great North Gate that late summer afternoon, we wondered how we should ever have the courage to sleep outside those sheltering walls, exposed and unprotected.

It was an undertaking now to get into the city if medical calls summoned Dr. Ed at night. Whenever he came up to the barred gates and peeped through the crack between, he would pound and shout, "*K'ai môn!*—Open the gate!"

Finally, the gatekeeper's sleepy voice would call out feebly, "Come tomorrow. The gate is locked for the night."

"No," he would shout. "No, I have a pass from the governor, authorizing me to come in for a medical visit."

"Oh you have, have you? Let's see it! Push the pass through the crack. No, wait a moment, stand there and let the light of your lantern fall on your face so we'll be able to see if you are really the foreign doctor."

Then a long wait, as the guards scrutinized him through the crack. After they recognized that he was really what he

claimed to be, there would be still more waiting while his pass was taken up to the office of the commandant. Finally, permission was given and the huge beam that served as a cross-bar was lifted down. Sometimes it took the combined efforts of three strong men to lift one end of that beam off its bracket and swing it around so that the gate could be opened wide enough to admit a pedestrian. There was always much more commotion if it were a party in sedan chairs and the gate had to be opened wider.

As time went on, we came under the spell of the great open spaces: the magic of sunshine which came to us daily without having to climb to the top of the city wall in search of it; the magic of seeing things come alive as we watched the new hospital grow before our eyes.

The greatest gift which came to transform life "outside the City Wall" was the new home with its wide verandas and great spreading lawns so flooded with sunshine that we did not need an over-shadowing pagoda to ward off the evil spirits.

We named the home "Joy House," as a grateful reminder of the friend, Mrs. Joy, who had made the home possible. But as time went on, the greater significance in the name came with the arrival of our precious baby, Joy.

Life for Joy was free of cramping walls and sedan chair with rides to the top of the city wall. Later, she scampered all over the campus, and her little amah, Jin Ma, found her tiny bound feet put to a severe test trying to keep up with her. How Jin Ma envied the new generation of students, running about the athletic field with unbound feet!

One of these girl students was T'ang Kwei-lin. Later we learned that, when war came she donned a soldier's uniform, and was able, disguised as a man, to endure all the fatigue of the ordinary foot soldier. She joined an infantry unit that moved straight into action against the invaders. She faced

death constantly, especially after joining the "dare-to-die" battalion that was ordered to defend a mountain garrison. Here she fought desperately for many hours, till two bullet wounds put her out of action. Peasants carried her for miles to a base hospital. Only then was it discovered that she was a girl. When she begged to be allowed to rejoin her fighting comrades, this was refused. She was told that such Hunan heroines were needed behind the lines for reconstruction work.

One day outside the city wall a rumor spread through the campus that something spectacular would be seen after night-fall in the direction of the hospital.

It was the dark of the moon, and we were shrouded in a great blackness as we gathered to watch for the promised great event.

Suddenly, as if by the call of some great primeval voice, the hospital burst into light. From every window gleamed rays of the first electric light ever seen in the province of Hunan. With this new promise of light, the dark, tunneled, city streets and our little, oil paper lanterns seemed suddenly to belong to a remote past.

We hoped that the day was not far distant when we would see long shafts of light, piercing the darkness from the obstetrical delivery room. Women were beginning to learn about prenatal care. They were discovering something better than the superstition of throwing open their cupboard doors and box lids when birth was at hand. This would be a great triumph for scientific medicine.

HIDING THE GOVERNOR

JOY HOUSE, our home on the new campus outside the city wall, came to be a symbol of America set in the heart of ancient China.

America! Just what was this America that we represented, we wondered, as we looked away across the great distances in space and in development between our two civilizations.

Its Wall Streets and skyscrapers blurred into something indistinguishable, confused, meaningless!

Its great highways seemed like rushing tides, carrying men along; but to what goals, we wondered?

Only one figure stood out in our minds against the confused and restless picture of America: A figure holding aloft a burning torch and calling to a weary world:

Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me.
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!

This was America!

So this, too, Joy House must be, set in the heart of ancient China!

The little beggar boy, hobbling on his crutches from the hospital, came to sit on our veranda to watch the college boys on the athletic field pole-vaulting and running around the track!

Send these the homeless, tempest-tost

Here were ambitious students, eager to enter the medical school, coming for daily coaching in English.

Eager to breathe free

A distraught child-bride, just married, came weeping as she had discovered that her husband was an idiot. Some unscrupulous middle man had pawned him off on her family for a price!

The wretched refuse of your teeming shore

One of the hospital Chinese nurses came for a secret talk with Dr. Ed to ease her conscience!

It was a story of pathos and tragedy she told: Mr. Wang, a prominent merchant, was devoted to his dainty little wife, but she had failed to give him a son. To meet this family calamity, he had registered his wife in the hospital with a feigned case of some obscure abdominal complaint. He had managed to have her occupy a bed next to a destitute woman who was expecting a baby. An arrangement had been made through the nurse, that, when the baby was born, it would be secretly slipped into the wife's bed, and a goodly sum paid to the mother of the baby.

"The scheme worked out perfectly," the nurse confessed. "When news reached Mr. Wang that a fine baby boy had arrived, there was a great celebration. A gay procession with strings of firecrackers arrived at the hospital, bringing congratulations and gifts.

"After a few days," she went on, "two patients left the hos-

pital, one with a coveted heir, the other with a heavy sack of money to lighten her family load."

On another day, Dung Tai Tai, president of the Social Service League, came with her friend.

They refused the customary cup of tea, protesting against the delay.

"We haven't time for tea," they said, "we have an important matter to discuss. You know how high the wall is surrounding our house and garden. Today, for the first time, I discovered that the streets around my garden and throughout the city have no proper sewers. How can a city be healthy without sewers?" she asked impatiently. "We have come today to ask you to go with us to the governor and to demand, through our Social Service League, that he build proper sewers through the entire city."

With a population of tens of thousands, and streets wandering at all angles, this proved to be a deferred problem for some time.

A short distance from the campus, a Catholic mission ran an orphanage, where a foundling was left daily at the gate. A close friendship grew up when Dr. Ed took over the medical care of the nuns and the orphans, with the help of the Mother Superior, who was a trained nurse. Ted's and Charlotte's daily visit for French lessons was the nuns' only contact with the outside world, but, when baby Joy arrived, they got special dispensation and were allowed to make their pilgrimage to Joy House to see the new baby and to present their beautifully embroidered gifts—a coat and bonnet for the baby.

I lift my lamp beside the golden door

Early one morning, I woke to hear voices outside our house and, in a few minutes, Wu Sz-fu knocked at our bedroom door to say that there was a Mr. Yang at the door.

"Who could be arriving at such an hour?" I wondered.

Dr. Ed hurried away with the servant, leaving me puzzled.

As I came downstairs, I saw that two chair bearers were carrying away a rough country sedan chair to the back court.

I was more bewildered when I saw a man, dressed in the plainest of peasant garb, visiting with Dr. Ed in the living room.

"This is Mr. Yang, who is planning to spend a few days with us," Dr. Ed explained as he introduced him to me. I noticed that the servants were very restrained and courteous when they offered tea to Mr. Yang.

As he stood to greet me, to my amazement, I recognized in our guest our good friend, Governor T'an Yen-kai.

"We are honored to have you as our guest, Mr. Yang," I said as I tried to puzzle out the reason for his being here at such an early hour and in such a garb.

"It is an honor to be here," he replied, "even if, in so doing, I am imposing upon you a political refugee."

"While we are having breakfast, I would like to hear the story of the events which brought you to us, Mr. Yang!" I said.

After we were seated at the breakfast table, Dr. Ed said, "The only fortunate incident in the present political upheaval in the city, is this great privilege of having our dear friend to share the hospitality of our home. We will have to be very careful to use his assumed name with the servants, for his identity must not be discovered. I suspect even now they have already recognized Governor T'an," he added.

"You have heard, of course, that Yuan Shih-kai, the former confidant of the old Empress Dowager, has become the leader of the counter-revolutionary clique and has forced his election to the presidency.

"Our dear friend here is the first casualty of Yuan's policy, which as you know, is to have each province governed by a member of his own party. So a new governor will arrive imme-

diately and Governor T'an's life will be in great danger until we can get him aboard the steamer for Hankow."

"You, Doctor Hume, were the only friend to whom we could turn in this emergency," Governor T'an interjected, "so the group of eight influential citizens gathered last night to put the situation before you, hoping that you would offer your home as a place of refuge until the sailing of the steamer on next Saturday."

"I owe you a great debt, Governor T'an," Dr. Ed replied, "our hospital and medical school were built during your two terms as governor, and, under your leadership, our whole Hsiangya project has forged ahead. We shall always be grateful that you pushed forward the plan for the new power plant in order to give us the illumination and power we so desperately needed for the hospital and laboratories."

We showed our guest to his room upstairs and arranged to have his meals served there. If he came to the dining room we feared that someone might drop in and recognize him. Only a few trusted friends came to call and the campus gateman kept careful watch for unrecognized strangers, for spies of the new governor were everywhere.

On Saturday night we were warned of special danger, so we escorted "Mr. Yang" quickly to the riverbank where a launch was waiting to take him to the steamer. The campus night watchman lighted our way with a paper lantern, inscribed with the large Chinese character *Yang*.

The current of the river was strong and we had gone but a half mile in the launch when a volley of shots rang out. The *laudah* steered the boat noiselessly along the outer edge of a row of junks, and, after fighting the current for two miles against the rushing tide, he made fast to the outer side of the ship. The cover of darkness made it possible to climb aboard, and to see our friend safely settled in the cabin reserved for "Mr. Yang."

On Monday morning a telegram came saying that Governor T'an had reached Hankow safely. Later, Governor T'an sent us a pair of handsome scrolls with expressions of gratitude written in his beautifully brushed Chinese characters.

Joy House, a symbol of America
set in the heart of ancient China!

REVOLUTION

LIFE IN CHANGSHA had never been monotonous—we had escaped rioters; we had learned to live serenely, even when our suitcases were held packed, ready for an emergency escape.

But suddenly the atmosphere became charged with new and ominous signs of revolution. Students grew restless. They were saying that the Manchus were to blame for China's lack of progress and that the Manchu Dynasty must be driven out.

Secret meetings of the leading citizens were held in our dispensary to plot Hunan's part in the upheaval, and so we were not surprised when China suddenly burst into flame.

"The Manchu Dynasty Must Go" became the slogan of the revolutionaries under Dr. Sun Yat-sen and this became the rallying cry for the whole of China. Our students immediately rallied to the call, and they posted the familiar proverb on the wall of their study hall.

To stop the mouth of the people
Is more difficult than to dam a river.

During the morning, the servants rushed in from the street, trembling with excitement, terrified over the rumor that an order had gone out: "Off with the queues!" Dinner preparations were forgotten as they huddled in the servants' quarters. They knew that the wearing of queues was a part of the Manchu domination of China—"But our queues that we have brushed and braided since we were boys! How can we live without our queues!" they moaned.

We heard the great bolt which fastened the back door pound into place.

"They are trying to barricade themselves against their threatening fate," we said.

The custom of wearing a queue went back to the twelfth century. When the Manchu Dynasty came into power, the men were ordered to shave the forepart of their heads and braid the rest of the hair in a long plait. This was a sign of allegiance to the Manchus.

Through the years, the skill of the barber began when he was called to shave the head of a small boy, and his reputation depended upon the intricate design he was able to leave uncut on the little bald pate. As the boy grew to adolescence, he made frequent trips to the barber to have the growing hair trained into the smooth braid which was to be his lifelong pride and responsibility.

Early the next morning, Dr. Ed was called to see a patient at the hospital. When he returned, he told us of the commotion at the city gate.

"Farmers and peasants, coming in from the country, carrying heavy loads of rice or vegetables, were seized by the guards, who rushed out, grabbed their queues and hacked them off with a sword, or clipped them off with huge scissors. It was a pathetic sight," he said. "Some fought the soldiers, and many tried to run away."

It was hard to recognize Da Sz-fu, the cook when, a few days later, he came to get his orders for the day. His carefully groomed queue must have been cut off with very dull scissors, for his hair hung in jagged scallops.

Wu Sz-fu, the table boy, was too embarrassed to serve dinner. His queue had always been his special pride, with long silken cords braided into the end, to make sure that it reached to his waist. We noticed that he wore his skull cap more than usual, and we were sure that he had an extra queue coiled up

inside, ready for the moment that he might safely let it down.

Pu Sz-fu, the coolie, was the only one who seemed relieved. Now, when he mopped the floors or carried bath water upstairs in buckets, he would not have to tuck his troublesome dangling queue into his belt.

A few weeks later, the authorities issued an edict forbidding women to bind the feet of their girls. This custom had also been a sign of allegiance to the Manchus.

Fortunately, the edict did not compel the women whose feet had already been deformed by years of binding, to unbind them; their feet were not painful, and required only daily unbinding and massage to keep them healthy. Joy's amah, Jin Ma, continued to stump about on her tiny feet in her marathon races after baby Joy. A far more severe penalty for the women would be to lose this long-standing, cherished mark of gentility, and to have to see their daughters grow up with wide, spreading feet like daughters of farmers' wives.

This sudden break with tradition soon inspired the school-girls to bob their hair, and to make unheard-of demands on their parents for freedom to go about the city unchaperoned. The hospital became a refuge for these bewildered and distraught people. They feigned illness in order to get within the shelter of its peaceful walls. Dr. Ed became the counselor of them all: terrified officials who saw their official rank and their prestige slipping out from under them; over-zealous students eager to save their country; and distraught parents losing their age-old prestige in the family.

Overnight we became part of China's great revolution.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE CAMPUS



CLASSES BY THE ROADSIDE

RATS AND WARLORDS

"THE WOMEN and children must be evacuated before dark!"

"But, captain, our wives have faced just such dangerous situations before, and we are quite sure that they will be safe at home right here on the campus."

This conversation drifted to us as we entered the college grounds. We recognized the stately sedan chair of the American Consul at our door. The army from the south would probably capture the city soon after nightfall. A rumor was passing from soldier to camp follower to innkeeper, from innkeeper to chair bearer, from gatekeeper to house servants, that the huge barracks would be set afire at midnight as a final gesture of hate by the retreating northern army. This would put our campus in great peril. "We wish all women and children removed to houseboats anchored on the river, under the protection of the American gunboat." With this order the Consul rode off.

Protests were of no avail. The caravan of sedan chairs, amahs, bedding, mosquito nets, milk bottles, sterilizers, pots, and kettles, was soon wending its way to our place of refuge on the river.

There were fourteen children under six years of age to be moved, three of them less than two years old. It was not hard to understand why the Yali faculty wives dreaded spending even a single night on a houseboat.

Presently we reached a large barnlike houseboat on the west side of the river, with the American gunboat between it and the city. The last rays of the setting sun were trying to find a way to penetrate the darkness below the deck. We crawled through the low door into the hold where a flickering flame from a wick in a tin lamp, drawing its nourishment from a cup half full of bean oil, seemed but to intensify the darkness under the curving roof.

Each mother went about, lantern in hand, on a voyage of discovery, to find a safe stretch of floor where she could spread her baby's bedding. The devoted Chinese nurses, the amahs, tied the mosquito nettings to the rafters. . . .

"What fun," the children shouted as they found themselves in their strange, new nursery. And their delight deluded us into thinking that it wasn't so bad after all.

The last child's question had been answered, and the last drink of water had been passed through the mosquito netting, when the captain appeared to make the rounds and to assure himself that we were quite comfortable.

"I am sure you may feel entirely safe," he consoled us, "for you will see how we have enclosed your sleeping quarters in armor plate to protect you against stray bullets."

This was hardly comforting, for we wondered how to protect ourselves from bullets or shrapnel that might be dropped down through the unprotected roof above us. He hoped that we would feel no anxiety about our husbands, and he assured us that a watch would be kept on the bridge of the gunboat all night.

Just as stillness had settled over our emergency quarters and we were making final rounds, a huge rat peered through a crack in the floor, indignant that his privacy had been invaded. He crept out to see who the bold intruders might be. Presently he was followed by another, which the flickering taper magnified into a beast the size of a cat.

Sleep was put entirely out of our reckoning. The watchman on the gunboat bridge saw flickering lights moving about all through the night, as we carried our lanterns from one dark recess to another of the houseboat's hold. We had to discourage the advance of a whole army of rats which, we found, had their permanent quarters in these depths.

The night was not without other thrills, for, ever so often there came the snap of bullets on the armor plating.

It seemed ages before we heard four bells from the ship's bridge and knew that morning was at hand.

Crisp in his immaculate uniform, the captain breezed in promptly at eight. He hoped we had had a comfortable night. At nine our solicitous husbands came, looking rested and refreshed after their unbroken rest in comfortable beds at home.

"The campus was unusually quiet," they said, "for General Ma had feared unpleasant complications if he waited to fire the barracks as he had planned."

Wearied from our terrifying vigil, we took refuge in utter lack of comment. It was one of those moments when "silence is golden."

We thanked the captain for his courtesy, but he never knew the price we had paid for it.

We were packing up our goods and chattels when a muffled cry came from below. One of the six-year-olds had slipped through the planks and was lodged somewhere in the bottom of the junk. Houseboats, you see, are built like huge barges to provide great spaces for cargoes of rice and sugar and salt and pepper. We were not sure just what the boy might find when he struck bottom.

As we took up the planks and went about our rescue work, we recovered not only Dougie, but hairpins, safety pins, babies' shoes, indeed everything which had so mysteriously disappeared during the night.

We jogged home in our sedan chairs; the amahs busied themselves putting away the bedding rolls, mosquito nets, milk bottles, sterilizers, pots, and pans; the children took up life where they had left off, and we weary mothers in silence tried to maintain a Christian spirit of charity toward our husbands and the captain of the gunboat.

At the end of this "Perfect Day," when the children were all tucked away in their own beds, our husbands met to talk over campus policies.

In a secret session, we women drew up a statement: Resolved that, in all future situations, we preferred "War Lords and Bandits" to "Rats and Bullets."

DANGEROUS ASSIGNMENT

WE LITTLE REALIZED that a new sinister danger was lurking near. Not a stone's throw from the campus stood a powder magazine, a building where tons of gunpowder were stored by the governor, to be used in case of emergency. A surrounding moat was the only evidence that it might be of military importance.

The next day, a messenger came to warn us that the retreating army was planning to blow up this building—to destroy the ammunition which might fall into the hands of the northern army. This would mean a total destruction of our campus buildings.

The men of the mission assembled to decide on a line of action. They agreed that they must move quickly, and, if possible, dump the gunpowder into the moat before the oncoming army should take over the city. It was a daring venture, so it seemed wise to send a message to the American Consul, to warn him of their plan.

As the men started off with the tools they had gotten together, we wondered whether another order would come from the Consul, "Evacuate the women and children."

To be ready for any emergency, we women packed a few suitcases and waited. Dr. Ed sent for the hospital engineer and told him to get his tools together.

"We may have to wreck the door of the powder magazine.

It is heavily guarded and if we cannot find the key, we will have to use force." He added, "Get Goliath and two men and meet me there by the moat at noon."

The engineer checked his watch with Dr. Ed's, relieved that action was being taken, for it was he who had told Dr. Ed how serious an explosion would be for our buildings.

Dr. Ed later told of his encounter with the gateman:

"The magazine was wholly unguarded as we came up to the moat. We looked for the gateman whose hut was over among the trees. Presently a shrinking little figure came out to meet our wrecking party.

"Let me have the key to the magazine," I ordered. He and I both knew that my authority was wholly fictitious.

" 'Oh, no sir,' he replied, 'I can't give it to you. The key is always kept in the office of the governor's bodyguard, down at the *yamen* in the city.' He cringed as he spoke, as if he feared we would use force.

"I shall give you just twenty minutes to run down there and bring that key to me from the guardhouse. You will have to run both ways. If the key isn't back in that time, our engineer will force the gate open. Hurry!"

" 'Yes, sir, I'll run.' He turned to go, but the sudden motion of his body caused a tiny clink. I seized him and tore his coat open. There was the huge key, hanging by a heavy chain around his neck. The man saw he was helpless. He really seemed grateful when he discovered that his responsibility for the explosives was ended.

"The key was a narrow iron bar, fully a foot long, bent over at the end, and with numerous notches in its edge—not so secure from inquisitive thieves as the key of a Yale lock, but adequate for the protection of the powder magazine. We fitted the key into the ponderous lock, lifted it off, threw open the heavy barred door, and went inside. The walls were six feet thick, of solid brick and mortar. The air in the great

chamber within was almost stifling for lack of ventilation. The floor was piled high with nearly three hundred tin containers that had once been used for retaining kerosene oil, but were now packed solid with gunpowder. In the background were twenty rifles, each with a fixed bayonet, as well as a few cartridge belts. With the help of the men, we took the tins outside, pierced each several times with a bayonet, then systematically dropped them into the moat.

"With each thud and splash, as the explosive was sucked under the water, the daring of our venture fascinated us. Before dark we had pitched fourteen tons of gunpowder into that moat. In the uncertain light of the rising moon we returned to the hospital, threading in single file between the rice fields. The pull of our muscles reminded us that each of the tins had weighed more than a hundred pounds."

We anxious wives heard the thud and splash as the men dumped the great tins of gunpowder into the moat. It was an ominous sound and we wondered what would happen if news of this action should spread through the city.

Toward evening, we saw our men trudging wearily through the rice fields, wending their way home. They were glad to find us waiting, for a new situation had arisen in which they needed our help.

An emergency message from the hospital had come that General Chang, commanding the northern army, had already destroyed villages only twenty miles away, and that he would take over the city the following day. Stretcher bearers were already arriving with the wounded, and, even now, the corridors of the hospital were lined with cots.

"There aren't beds enough for the cases that have already been brought in. We must have more room and more beds immediately," Dr. Ed said. Then he warned us that some way must be found immediately to prevent General Chang from filling the magazine with powder again.

Suddenly the idea flashed into our minds, "Convert the emptied powder magazine into an emergency hospital!" The men agreed that, if we women could help, we might be able to accomplish something by the following day.

It was already midnight. We walked down the path to the powder magazine by the pale light of the setting moon, lighting our way with little lanterns, swung on our arms. Shortly, eerie figures in the dark were scrubbing the floors, moving beds from an old Red Cross Hospital, which was the full length of the city away, making up the beds with our own sheets which the amahs had reluctantly sent over, and setting up emergency medicine supplies!

When daylight came, we had set up forty beds in this drab powder magazine, and a Red Cross flag fluttered over the entrance!

The northern army took over the city the next day. A formal notice was sent to the newly installed governor announcing that an additional hospital was ready to take care of the war casualties.

Later in the week, he was invited to attend the opening ceremony of our new Red Cross hospital. He arrived in great state, his large official sedan chair carried by eight bearers. As he made his way cautiously over the slender bridge which had been thrown up to span the moat, echoes of the thud and splash of tins of gunpowder seemed to come to us with his every footstep over the bridge.

In his flowery speech, he congratulated the Province of Hunan on having in its capital such a medical center. He assured us that he was glad that a powder magazine had been so readily converted into a benign and health-restoring unit for the service of society.

When, later, we were reviewing the episodes of the past two days, we agreed that only in China could a drama with

such combined tragedy and comedy be enacted overnight, without even a previous rehearsal.

After allowing several days for our aching muscles to relax, we women met in another secret session.

Recalling our encounter with War Lords and a powder magazine, we wondered whether our first resolution had not been a serious mistake. Occasional twinges of pain reminded us that, in future encounters, it might be wise to choose Rats and Bullets rather than War Lords and Bandits.

SCROLLS HANG IN THE HALL OF MEMORY

TWENTY-TWO YEARS in China had hung many scrolls in our Hall of Memory. Some were sketched against a background of dark foreboding clouds; some were struck across with a Bow of Promise; many were flooded with bright sunshine.

Here was one with a great stone archway, blocked with bricks and lime, that had been our greeting when, after thousands of miles of travel and months of eager planning, we had come to the border of Hunan Province which was to be our home! Could we ever forget the picture?

It had been explained to us that the gentry of the province had blocked the arch as a sign that they did not want any outsiders to enter their province.

Forbidden to enter the province, the goal of our journeyings!

Were we being rebuffed, like the British Government back in 1792, which had sent an envoy to the court of Emperor Ch'ien Lung in Peking? Great Britain was asking the Emperor to recognize an ambassador who might live in Peking and look after British interests throughout China. Ch'ien Lung made this high-sounding reply:

“Our dynasty’s majestic virtue has penetrated into every country under Heaven, and kings of all nations have of-

ferred their costly tribute by land and sea. As your ambassador can see for himself, we possess all things. I set no value on things strange or ingenious and have no use for your country's manufactures.

This then is my answer to your request."

The fear of the first death in the earliest hospital days was reflected in the shadows on the next scroll.

Would there be a general massacre when news should spread that a Chinese had died on the operating table of an American hospital?

Then it had actually occurred, a boy had died during an operation! To ward off trouble, Dr. Hou had suggested that Dr. Ed buy a beautiful coffin for the boy, far finer than the family of the boy could afford.

News came that the father of the boy had arrived from the country, and we wondered whether an angry mob would join him as he neared the hospital.

Dr. Ed waited in the simple little reception room. To his amazement, when the father arrived, instead of the shouting of an angry mob, Dr. Ed heard the door of his office quietly open, and the father kowtowed before him, touching his forehead to the floor.

"That my boy should die, was the will of heaven, but you, Dr. Hume, have been kind in giving him such an honorable burial. I have come to thank you."

"A Bow of Promise"

"Goliath" dominates the next scroll!

Six feet two inches in height, he earned the name "Goliath" on our campus although his Chinese name was Chow Han Hsen. During more than twenty years of service he came to be our most trusted helper and friend. Beginning as a filler of oil lamps in the hospital and school at a monthly salary of

\$4.50, he rose to be the supervisor of workmen when the new hospital was built, and later was assistant business manager of the school and hospital.

At the time of the riots, when we made our escape through the hole in our back wall, Goliath was the towering figure who stood in front of the hospital and led the little group of courageous Chinese to guard it in the face of violence and anti-foreign sentiment.

Even greater than the courage to stand up against a mob of angry rioters, was the daring needed to take a stand against centuries of tradition.

To function as a first-rate hospital Hsiangya needed to perform autopsies. But autopsies were against all Chinese traditional respect for the human body. There came a day when Goliath stood at the door of the hospital holding in his arms his own child who had just died of an obscure condition.

"I have come to realize the importance of studying the cause of disease, Dr. Hume, and I have brought my child, to have you do an autopsy on her."

Dr. Ed was staggered by the request! "It will have to be done in the greatest secrecy," Dr. Ed replied, "for, as you know, this will be the first autopsy performed in the whole of central China."

"A shaft of sunshine across the
ancient Chinese scroll!"

One scroll was radiant with a light not seen in those that had gone before. The beauty and harmonies of life had been caught and embodied by Dr. Ed in sonnets, into which he poured his love of great music, the radiance of the morning, the loveliness of the changing seasons, or the laughter of little children. They were spontaneous lines, written on a scrap of paper, in a notebook on a journey, or on the flyleaf of a book.

AT THE SYMPHONY CONCERT IN SHANGHAI

Unless I'd heard today the voice of strings
And speaking trumpets, waking in my soul
Great memories of the hours when masters stole
My spirit from the dreary round of things,
Giving, in place of mortal raiment, wings
For Fancy's flight capricious toward the goal
Of Heart's Desire,—I should have thought the whole
Of life had speechless grown. But now it sings!
It sings within the magic violins,
Within the oboe, whispering to the flute.
Within the 'cellos and the echoing dins
Of drums and basses; and my lips are mute
Before the notes transcendent in that shrine
Wherein the soul of music speaks to mine.

THEY MOST LOVE BEAUTY

Not only those love beauty who possess
Art treasures of renown, whose homes are filled
With paintings, tapestry and golden dress
Of Oriental monarchs; or are stilled
By music played on costly instruments;
Or find their seats at concerts in the stalls
And boxes; who have glorious monuments
Of bronze and granite, lining all the halls.

They most love beauty, who discern it oft,
When evening comes, in summer sunset's glory;
Or stand to hear, in balcony aloft,
Great symphonies; or listen for the story
The street musician sings, whose soul is stirred
By harmonies within the spirit heard.

TERRACES IN FUKIEN

Hast ever seen a trim and terraced hill?
Go, wander in Fukien, where mountains steep
O'erhang the River Min, now swift, now still;
Where every tributary, running deep,
Carves a cavernous way, a shadowy gorge,
Through range on range. Each sloping hill is lined,
As if some master workman sought to forge
A Scala Santa out of earth's brown rind
To carry mortals up from youth to age;
Or artist's hand drew with unerring rule
Broad stripes across a green and yellow page,
And sprinkled flowers gay beside the pool
Lying within each terrace, facing the sky
With promise of rich crops, when summer's by.

ON THINKING OF THE DEAR GRANDCHILDREN

Once on a time, when pestilential years
Had wrought catastrophe on earth, surviving men
Sought rest and merriment. Now it appears
That gods and mortals may meet now and then
After calamity, to plan how joy
May be restored to earth's community.
They met. Each human wish was for some toy.
Men begged for swords; women for knickknacks; he
Who shouted loudest hoped thereby to win
Acclaim. Then spake the gods, who over life have sway:
"None of these things you ask of us are sin;
But seek enduring joys!" They took away
The foibles that mortals all sought after,
And left them only little children's laughter.

FRAGMENT

So beauty holds the worship of the soul.
Adoring, lost in reverential prayer,
We mortals find our heart's fulfillment there,
Our power to see life's task completely whole.
No longer need we be in bondage craven
But find in Beauty spring and strength and haven.

This scroll went on and on, for poetry as a way of expression was as natural to Dr. Ed as talking with a friend. His spirit spoke naturally through the cherished sonnet form.

As the years passed, the scrolls hanging in the Hall of Memory became Tribute Panels. This one showed Dr. Ed as he was made the first President of the Colleges of Yale-in-China. This added the responsibility of administering the College of Arts and Science as well as the College of Medicine.

Over the years Dr. Ed received many official honors: honorary degrees were conferred upon him by Yale University, Jefferson Medical College, and Hong Kong University. The Chinese Government expressed their appreciation of his service to China by conferring on him the "Order of the Flowing Grain" as well as their highest honor, "The Order of the Blue Jade."

In 1927 Dr. Ed felt that he had reached the goal which he had set for himself in China. His letter to the Board of Trustees of Yale-in-China expressed his feelings at that time:

My dear Professor Williams,

The turning over of the Hsiangya Medical College to a Chinese Board of Directors marks the completion of the task for which I left India in 1905. It was my hope at that time, to take part in building up medical education

in China under Chinese auspices. Today, the community, the Directors, the alumni, and the students think of the college as theirs. Before long they should be able to carry the whole financial burden.

The College of Arts and Science, to whose problems I have given constant thought during these past three years, will become deep-rooted in the Chinese environment in proportion as it follows much the same course that has proved successful in the Medical College. One of the first essentials is the early election of a Chinese President to whom large powers should be given.

In view of the gratifying development of the Medical College and in order that the trustees may be free to secure the needed Chinese President for the Arts College, I desire to present through you my resignation to the Board. I take this step only after the most careful and prolonged thought and with the utmost regret. The sense of Comradeship with you and of active participation in the life of Yale-in-China has bound me to the enterprise with bonds that are very strong. . . .

(Signed) EDWARD H. HUME

The trustees replied:

Accepting President Hume's resignation, the Trustees wish to place on record their appreciation of his conspicuous service during the past twenty-two years in helping to found and build up the institution. Dr. Hume was among the first to put into effect a policy of partnership with the Chinese in medical education. Through his indefatigable efforts he has been instrumental in developing one of the outstanding medical schools in the Far East. With a remarkable knowledge of the Chinese language and eloquence in using it he has won the Yale-in-

China many needed friendships. His Christian character, his strong faith, and ceaseless activity have kindled the enthusiasm of his colleagues and other workers throughout China.

The picture on the next scroll of our leaving Changsha in 1927 was in striking contrast to the forbidding greeting of the blocked archway!

The great procession that escorted us to the railroad station was heralded by men carrying long bamboo poles, wound with ten thousand tiny red popping firecrackers, interspersed with giant crackers giving out tremendous blasts.

The surging crowd gathered on the station platform was a moving tribute of devotion to Dr. Ed. Many had come from the villages round about—wheelbarrows and country sedan chairs flanked the station.

They hobbled on crutches; they carried their infants; they lifted their children to their shoulders for a last glimpse of their beloved doctor. Nuns with white veils mingled with the crowd. There were officials in full regalia, there were doctors and nurses and several ladies of the gentry, courageous members of the Social Service League, all pressing about Dr. Ed, trying to find a chance to express their gratitude, all begging him to come back soon.

The governor's deputy pushed his way through the crowd to bring word that Governor Wu had ordered a private compartment for us on the incoming train, but when the train pulled into the station all available space was occupied by troops. The only vacant space was in the baggage car, so we scrambled on, not knowing where we would lay our heads.

The mail clerk suggested that we smooth out the mail bags and spread our bedding on top of them.

At every station along the way, the tousled head of the mail clerk peered from the top of his bedding roll.

"Throw it in," he shouted as another sack bounded through the baggage car door to bolster us for the journey.

As the first rays of dawn began to creep through the cracks about the door the next morning, the train came to a sudden stop. The conductor told us quite calmly that a bandit ambush had been discovered ahead of the train.

"We will have to wait on a siding until an armored car arrives to be attached to our engine," he confided to us.

Twenty-two years in China had accustomed us to such casual interruptions and we settled down for the rest of the journey.

The last person on the far edge of the platform as we had pulled out of Changsha was our friendly, hospital rickshawman. He had been with us since our early days in the old hospital inside the city.

It was he who, as a boy of fifteen up from the country, had wandered into the hospital, hugging his little cloth bundle under his arm. Dr. Ed was the first foreigner he had seen, and he hid behind the doors as he crept from room to room while Dr. Ed was making rounds.

Dr. Ed mistook him for a thief and told Dr. Hou to get him out of the wards.

Dr. Hou said, "Let him alone. He is following you about to watch you. He needs hospital treatment and is trying to find out whether he can trust you."

From that day on, Li Sz-Fu belonged to the hospital, first as a carrier of letters, then as a sedan chair bearer, and later as senior rickshawman.

Li Sz-Fu was vividly sketched into the picture of that day of farewell in 1927, but we did not realize then that he would appear again, to become indelibly etched into a later scroll that was filled with sunshine and that would never fade from our memories.

A GREAT HARVEST

AFTER A FEW YEARS in America, Dr. Ed was asked to return to China to work toward getting the American-founded institutions over the country to coöperate with the National Health Administration of the new government.

When we arrived at the Changsha railroad station, we saw to our surprise, Li Sz-Fu, the former rickshawman standing beside a modern motor car, dressed in a trim hospital chauffeur's uniform waiting to drive us to the campus.

"What has become of the old city wall?" we asked as he drove us over a broad unfamiliar road.

"This boulevard was built on the foundation of that old wall, which had been laid two thousand years ago," he replied, as he stepped up his motor.

Later he drove Dr. Ed into the city to have dinner with an old friend, Mr. Ho.

On the way to the Yamen Dr. Ed stopped off to visit the School of Nursing. It was a startling sight that greeted him when the Dean opened the door of the assembly room. A hundred students rose and bowed. Only twenty years previously, Dr. Ed reminded them, Miss Gage had announced the opening of the school, coining the term for nurse, "Scholars to Watch and Guard." He told them how timid the first girls had been about registering.

On the way back from his dinner with Mr. Ho, Li Sz-Fu, the rickshawman, stopped for a moment at the gate of the

great hospital. With a sweep of his hand, he pointed up through the darkness to where a hundred lights were gleaming from windows in the hospital and medical college, from the nursing school and laboratories.

"Look!" Li said. "From such small seeds, planted only a little time ago, how great a harvest!"

To Dr. Ed, over the years, it was the testimony of his students which he most prized, as they carried on the work of humanity and leadership in China.

The letter from Dr. H. C. Chang on the occasion of Dr. Ed's seventieth birthday, expresses the tribute which was manifested in the many letters received from his former students:

THE HSIANGYA MEDICAL COLLEGE

Yang Kung Ch'iao
Chungking, China
March 30, 1946

Dr. Edward H. Hume,
464 Riverside Drive,
New York 27, New York

Dear Dr. Hume:

This letter is intended for reaching you on May 13, 1946, your seventieth birthday.

On this happy occasion, as one of your many grateful and affectionate students, I should like to express these heartfelt words of appreciation. Let me begin my memory from the very day I took my entrance examination in English under you. Your unequalled enthusiasm and radiant smile converted, once for all, my then rather lukewarm liking for Medicine to firmest determination. After graduation I pursued Internal Medicine, chiefly through your guiding influence.

Your inspiring message of July 21, 1937, sent from Peitaho, was what made unshakeable my will to serve my Alma Mater at its critical juncture. These words of yours still ring in my ears: 'Never mind the political uncertainties. . . . They cannot alter the need of Hsiangya.' Ever since, the never-ceasing encouragements from you have been the major factor giving me strength and instilling hope into me during these nine difficult years. It is no exaggeration to say that you have taken the greatest part, if not the sole part, in moulding my intellectual self and shaping my destiny.

Of course, Hsiangya's indebtedness to you is as great as my own. By your vision and your courage, this institution was founded on the basis of international co-operation, a scheme never preceded in China, antedating by thirty years the present universal recognition for cultural and scientific collaboration. Through your untiring effort and at your personal sacrifice, Hsiangya went ahead in spite of innumerable difficulties. Even in your absence and up to the present date I dare say your guiding inspiration is what keeps this College going. Without your spiritual leadership, it could never have weathered out the various storms.

Today, you find the fruit of your ceaseless labor in the continual existence of this College and the position it occupies in China's medical education. You may be consoled in knowing that your lofty ideals are propagated by over 200 pupils who are rendering creditable service to their country in accordance with your expected professional and ethical standards. This debt which China owes you certainly can not be adequately expressed in words.

Your pupils and friends here all rejoice with you and wish you and Mrs. Hume many happy returns of the day.

Mrs. Chang joins me in sending you and Mrs. Hume
our warmest greetings.

With humblest respects,

Very sincerely yours,
(Signed) HSIAO CH' IEN CHANG

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If you plant for a year, plant grain;
 If you plant for ten years, plant trees;
 If you plant for a hundred years, plant men.

EPILOGUE

WHEN THE Japanese made war on China in 1937 they knew that their strongest resistance would come in the schools and colleges.

Letters which came to Dr. Ed during the next eight years gave account of the heroic service to China on the part of the graduates of Hsiangya.

When Changsha fell to the Japanese the entire staff and student body on the Yali and Hsiangya campuses adopted the slogan "No Blackout in Education." They packed books and laboratory equipment and started westward on one of the most dramatic treks in the history of education.

They were forced to ford rivers, carrying their books and equipment on their backs.

All along the tortuous journey when they stopped to rest, the faculty gave roadside lectures.

When they reached their destination, they settled in old temples and crude shacks and studied by candlelight until kerosene lamps could be bought.

Dr. H. C. Chang, who had been a member of the first class in the medical school, was now the Principal of Hsiangya, and was the indefatigable leader of the trek to Kunming and later to Chungking, and we were astounded when he reported at the end of the first term in Kunming that the students had covered the entire year's assignment of courses.

This seemed incredible in view of a previous letter from Chungking in which he had said,

"Our chief concern is to provide enough textbooks, the

few that we have, have to be passed around, they soon become ragged and there are no replacements. We are short of everything that a medical school should have, microscopes, X-ray facilities. Our laboratory equipment was fashioned from wood and Standard Oil tins, but we have learned how to improvise."

One of the most thrilling letters came from Dr. Tang, who had also been a member of the first class at Hsiangya. He had been in charge of the Epidemic Preventive Bureau at Peking. When the Japanese took over the city, the Bureau evacuated to Nanking, then went from there to Hankow, eventually settling at Kunming on the Burma Road.

At one time when Kunming was threatened, Dr. Tang even planned to evacuate to Tibet, and he had actually bought a tract of land there in his determination to keep on the vital production of vaccine and serum, so necessary to fight the ever-recurring menace of widespread epidemics. He knew that these epidemics were capable of decimating the Chinese fighting forces more quickly and effectively than any Japanese bombs, and his laboratory became invaluable to the American forces as well.

Dr. Tang in his Fortress on the Burma Road probably saved more lives than the total casualties of the war.

The value of Dr. Tang's service can be most fully appreciated in the citation on the occasion of his Award of Certificate of Merit by the Surgeon General of the American Army:

1. Under the provisions of War Department Bulletin No. 9, dated 4 May 1943, and paragraph 28, AR 600-45, it is recommended that the President's Certificate of Merit be awarded to Dr. Tang Fei-Fan, Director, National Vaccine and Serum Institute, Temple of Heaven, Peiping, China, for the assistance rendered the American Forces in China, from 1942 to 1945.

2. Early in 1942, Doctor Tang, along with other professional leaders of China, transferred his organization in Eastern China to other cities in the Interior where he was better able to carry on essential war activities even though he had to work under very adverse conditions. As director of the National Central Epidemic Prevention Laboratory at Kunming, Doctor Tang was responsible for the high standards which were maintained in the production of life-saving vaccines and biological products. A large quantity of certain of these products were made available for use by the American Army, thus materially aiding in the prevention of disease among our troops. Doctor Tang's contributions to the Medical activities of our Forces in China were of incalculable value in the joint Chinese-American war effort.

R. W. BLISS

Major General

The Surgeon General

After V-J Day, it was decided to move the Bureau to its former location in Peking.

Within the vast enclosure of the Temple of Heaven, China's most famous and beautiful monument of the past, has risen a group of buildings, which might be called a monument to China's future, due largely to the energy and untiring efforts of Dr. Tang.

The striking contrast between China's past and these modern scientific laboratories will be vivid as we recall the worship of China's Emperors at the Altar of Heaven. Once a year, the Emperor left the Forbidden City and went to the Altar to pray. All the streets were deserted, no one was allowed out of his house, for it was forbidden for anyone to look upon the Emperor, the Son of Heaven, as he rode through the streets. Just as the dawn began to appear, he would ascend

the Altar steps to the topmost tier. There he knelt and spoke to Heaven, asking for peace and prosperity for his people.

These buildings, in the Temple enclosure, house China's first pilot penicillin plant in the National Vaccine and Serum Institute. These modern buildings were built, of all things, out of flour. Dr. Tang, after trying vainly to secure reconstruction funds from other sources, persuaded CNRRA (China's Relief and Reconstruction Association) to take on the job as a relief project. Masons, carpenters, plumbers—everyone working on the job—were paid in wages of CNRRA flour.

The opening of this new Epidemic Prevention Bureau marks the end of a long wartime odyssey.

When the unbelievable word came that the Japanese had surrendered, preparations were quickly made for the long trek of Hsiangya and Yali back to Changsha. After traveling for days on river boats and rafts, the first junks arrived with the precious cargo of doctors, nurses, and students. With them came the battered nursing school's "Chase doll" and our much-traveled skeleton.

The sight they met, when they arrived at Changsha, was heartbreaking. Every building on the once beautiful campus which had housed the medical school and nursing school, science laboratory, and residences, was nothing but a heap of rubbish and broken walls in a jungle of weeds. Only the hospital walls and floors were standing; all the woodwork had been burned. Nothing was left of the beautiful X-ray equipment and operating equipment.

"Rehabilitation" was a word used glibly until V-J Day. In Chinese, this word has the idea of resurrection or rebirth. That was what the rehabilitation of the campus at Changsha proved to be!

The Yuanling temporary buildings were dismantled and the boards were floated down the river by raft to Changsha.

At the same time, the bricks from the ruined buildings on the medical campus were being salvaged, and the jungle of weeds and ruins cleared away for a new building. With those bricks and the salvaged wood from Yuanling, our new school was built. By May 1946, the students moved into their new home.

First to come to our aid was the International Relief Committee. Throughout those spring months, the great trucks of the Friends Ambulance Service came rolling in, carrying precious bales of gauze and cotton, sulfa drugs, quinine, and sheets so desperately needed. Patients had begun to pour in long before we had any equipment; when the nurses were sleeping on the floor of the hospital, and only fifty beds for patients had been found, many of these with legs twisted and curled by the fire. Our hospital became a distributing center; soon boxes were shipped to other parts of the province.

A little later came UNRRA, loaded with sterilizers, X-ray equipment, beds, instruments, blankets, sheets, and other priceless things which they had managed to bring from Shanghai.

The greatest thrill was the transformation in the operating rooms, where UNRRA had replaced the makeshift wooden tables with Army operating tables. Instead of flashlights, they brought good lamps and a small generator; the charcoal stoves for sterilizing were replaced by steam sterilizers.

All the while rebuilding was moving on, and in an incredibly short time, a letter from Changsha to the New Haven Yale-in-China office reported,

"The Hospital has been re-roofed and, as far as the exterior is concerned, has regained its early appearance. In addition to the reconstruction work done for the hospital, there are twenty new buildings on the Hsiangya campus, which the Chinese, through the local and national Governments and by individual subscription, have in large part erected themselves. Dr. Ling supplied the detailed figures for the buildings which,

translated into US dollars at the rate of exchange when the gift or appropriation was made available, reaches the impressive total of US \$717,000. Of this total, perhaps one-third has come from some organization with American relationships such as UNRRA or CNRRA; but a total of over half a million dollars US value has been invested from Chinese sources; and when you consider the strain of the post-war situation, the incredible inflation, and depreciation in value of the local currency, you feel all the more the magnitude of this achievement. It is not an exaggeration to say that Hsiangya represents one of the outstanding achievements in cooperative international service in this whole field."

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The winds blow together.

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